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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE:
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.



THE WINTERS TALE

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INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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ELINDAM BUTTERFLA
VIA BELLI

The Winters Tale

INTRODUCTION

DATE

THERE are three pieces of external evidence with regard to the date of this play which if not quite flawless and conclusive are, when taken in conjunction with the internal evidence, quite sufficient to establish 1611 as being almost certainly the year in which it was first produced. Firstly, there is an entry in the 'Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof' by Dr. Simon Forman referring to a performance at the Globe Theatre on May 15, 1611, of 'the Winter's Talle.' The following elaborate account is inserted, and this would scarcely have been done if the play had been an old one—

"Obserue ther howe Lyontes the king of Cicillia was overcom with Ielosity of his wife, with the kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contrived, and wold haue had his cup-berer to have poisoned, who gaue the king of Bohemia warning ther-of, and fled with him to bohemia / Remember also howe he sent to the Orakell of Apollo, and the Aunswer of apollo that she was giltles, and that the king was Ielouse, etc, and howe Except the child was found Again that was loste, the kinge should die with-out yssue, for the child was carried into bohemia and ther laid in a forrest and brought up by a sheppard. And the kinge of bohemia his sonn married that wentch, and howe they fled in Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard hauing showed the letter of the nobleman by whom Leontes sent a (*sic*) was that child, and the Iewelless found about her. she was knowen to be leontes daughter, and was then 16 yers old.

"Remember also the Rog that cam in all tattered like coll pixci / and howe he feyned him sicke and to haue bin Robbed

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of all that he had, and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop sher with a pedlers packe, and ther cosoned them Again of all ther money. And howe he changed apparrell with the kinge of bomia his sonn, and then howe he turned courtiar, etc / beware of trusting feined beggars or fawning fellowse."

Secondly, in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to James I, in an entry dated May 19, 1623, there is notice of the allowance of 'an old play called Winter's Tale formerly allowed by Sir George Bucke.'

Now Sir George Bucke did not take possession of the office of Master of the Revels till August 1610; he, however, received a reversionary grant of the office in 1603, and is known to have licensed certain plays on the strength of this grant between 1606 and 1608, though no specific allusion to the *Winter's Tale* is found.

Thirdly, there is the well-known passage in *Bartholomew Fair* 'If there be never a servant-monster i' the Fair, who can help it, he says? nor a nest of Anticks? He is loth to make nature afraid in his Playes, like those that beget Tales, Tempests and such-like drolleries.' This certainly reads like a reference to Shakespeare's two plays the *Winter's Tale* and the *Tempest*: nor is it inconsistent with Jonson's friendship with Shakespeare to have made such a remark, which really conveys very little of the 'venom' and 'sneering malignity' which have been imputed to it. Jonson's production was written in 1613, and as he would obviously allude to the latest works of Shakespeare, the *Winter's Tale* can hardly have been written earlier than 1611 if this allusion is accepted.

There are, therefore, three pieces of external evidence all directly pointing to 1611 as the probable date, though no one of them taken alone is conclusive.

The internal evidence entirely supports this, for in metre, style, subject and treatment the *Winter's Tale* clearly stands out as one of the latest of Shakespeare's plays. Rhyme is entirely absent from the dramatic portion of the play, double-endings abound, and the phraseology is crowded, replete with ideas, and involved in many cases to the point of obscurity. The subject is one which would never have been attempted by a poet

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who was not conscious of his own great strength and an assured popularity. The 'atmosphere' of the play, which is so frequently pervaded with gloom and distrust, is in many respects similar to that of *Cymbeline*, which is generally assigned to the year 1610: and a further link with the latter play is the somewhat artificial means by which the story is made to end in the reconciliation of the two chief characters. The purely internal evidence, then, points to as late a date as possible for the composition, and combining this with the external evidence 1611 may be accepted with but little qualms as the year of composition. The only noticeable objectors to this theory have been Chalmers and Hunter. Chalmers—the Sir Politick-Would-Be of Shakesperean criticism—is more than usually successful in finding politics in cabbages. He seizes on the words of Camillo in Act I, sc. ii, 'If I could find example of thousands that struck anointed kings,' and sees an allusion to the rebellion of the Earl of Essex. His reason apparently is that the phrase 'anointed magistrates' occurs in certain prayers directed to be used after the defeat of that unhappy nobleman. In the same scene Chalmers sees that Shakespeare is 'tenting Elizabeth to the quick' where Camillo says he could make away with Polixenes 'with no rash potion, but with a lingering dram,' as it was well known that 'Elizabeth employed agents to take off her hated rival with a lingering dram.' It may be remarked that had Shakespeare 'tentet Elizabeth to the quick' in this way in 1601—the date assigned by Chalmers on the strength of the first somewhat unconvincing allusion—we should probably have lost most of the plays which were written after that year.

Hunter supports Chalmers, but adds nothing new, and the 1601 theory may be dismissed as having nothing that can be regarded as definite support, and being entirely opposed to the evidence of metre and style.

THE TEXT

There was no quarto edition of the *Winter's Tale* published in the author's lifetime. The play first appeared in the first Folio of 1623, where it is printed with comparative excellence and almost entire freedom from superficial errors. In fact the only

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difficulties that present themselves are certain passages the meaning of which is lost to modern ears, and for which emendations have been offered—generally unsuccessfully, and often in places where there is no reason for refusing to accept the original reading.

THE SOURCE

The source of the play is without doubt Robert Greene's romance, or, as he calls it, 'pleasant history,' *Pandosto: the Triumph of Time*, first published in 1588.¹ It is a work with a great deal of merit, as the story is in many places very prettily told; and though it is encumbered with many soliloquies which are burdened with the forced similes of the fast-expiring Euphuistic style, the plot is unfolded with skill, and never loses itself in the overflowing verbosity which formed Lyly's chief demerit as a novel-writer. In adapting the story Shakespeare has exercised his judgment with the greatest freedom and with the happiest effects. The double nature of the plot, and the long interval of time which the novel embraces, were obstacles which no ingenuity could overcome; and they are accepted by the poet without compromise. Besides the alteration of names and the transposing of Sicily and Bohemia, the following may be noted as some of the principal changes:

(1) Hermione is invested by Shakespeare with a queen-like dignity which is somewhat lacking in the novel: there is no vestige of even indiscretion in the play, and no excuse for Leontes' jealousy. In the novel Bellaria and Egistus (the prototypes of Hermione and Polixenes) formed an 'honest familiarity' which might very easily give ground for suspicion. 'There grew a secret uniting of their affections,' says Greene, 'that the one could not be without the company of the other,' and further details are added. Bellaria actually dies after the trial.

(2) Leontes is, on the other hand, drawn in far stronger colours by Shakespeare than by Greene. His jealousy and injustice in the first part are far greater, but his subsequent

¹ See the edition by Professor P. G. Thomas in 'The Shakespeare Classics.'

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repentance and return to a state of true nobility are equally insisted on in the second part. In the novel he makes love to his unknown daughter (the betrothed of Dorastus), and behaving with the greatest tyranny and cruelty when she refuses his suit, finally slays himself after discovering her relationship with him. In the trial scene, however, the balance is the other way; in Greene the jealous king does not indulge in the cruelly sarcastic speech that occurs in the play in reply to the queen's defence of herself, but immediately calls for the verdict of the oracle: he accepts this without question, and is so overwhelmed with shame and remorse that he discloses the whole of the plot he had laid for his friend's life.

(3) The character of Camillo (Franion in the novel) obtains far greater prominence in the play. In *Pandosto* he disappears from the action after the first part of the story. Shakespeare uses his tendency to somewhat crooked methods to make him the means of enticing Florizel to proceed to Sicily, where the discovery takes place. In Greene, the meeting of the characters is due to the accident of a severe storm, which drives Dorastus and Fawnia ashore on the coast of Bohemia.

(4) Paulina and Antigonus are original characters who have no place in the novel. Autolycus, too, is an original creation; though the bare hint for his relation to the scheme of the plot may have been taken from the Capnio of the romance, who is the servant of the young prince, Dorastus. Capnio, it may be said, meets the old shepherd going to the court with the object of disclosing the tale of the childhood of Fawnia, and being, as Greene says, a wily fellow, addresses the shepherd. 'You lose your labour in going to the palace, for the king means this day to take the air of the sea, and to go aboard of a ship that lies in the haven' (cp. IV, iv, 747-50). He then promises his assistance, much in the same way as Autolycus does in the play, and needless to say easily succeeds in inducing the simple shepherd to accompany him to the shore, where he is promptly seized and placed on the prince's ship. Autolycus, it may be noted, has been formerly in the service of Florizel, and tricks the shepherd to obtain gold *and to do the prince his master good*.

From Capnio, then, it is just possible that Shakespeare obtained the idea of the creation of his immortal vagabond. If this is

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the case it is not by any means the only occasion on which a crudely-developed figure has, in his hands, been transformed to a life-like and delightful portrait, which is as masterly in its perfection of detail as it is charming in its precision of outline.

The *Winter's Tale* has received more rough treatment at the hands of critics than any other play of Shakespeare. It must be frankly admitted that there are improbabilities in the structure of the plot: the behaviour of Polixenes when he discovers himself at the sheep-shearing, and then departs, leaving Florizel free to run away with Perdita; the easiness with which Florizel is induced to fall in with Camillo's suggestion to sail to Sicily, and the fluent way in which he lies to Leontes on his arrival there; these are among certain objections that may be legitimately brought against it. On the other hand, the characterisation of Leontes and Hermione has been entirely misunderstood by certain critics, of whom Mrs. Lennox is the first. Leontes is, perhaps, not a very subtle creation, but the intention of the poet throughout is clearly shown. He is represented in the first act as tyrannical, almost barbarous, and impatient of the least sign of resistance to his will; he is naturally jealous, and has boundless confidence in his own judgment. Yet in the first scene with Hermione and with Mamillius the poet is careful to show that there are traces of a better nature beneath all this. This conception is consistently carried out; but so terrible has his madness been, and so serious are the results ensuing from it, that reconciliation with Hermione is almost impossible, and is only made possible by his long-continued repentance and by the demonstration that his faithfulness to the memory of his wife is absolute and lifelong. The remaining characters are easily understood. Paulina is reminiscent of Emilia, but she is far more lovable than the latter. She is more than an honest termagant; her wild talk to Leontes in the second act is dictated by genuine emotion and, perhaps, by the feeling that such is the only hope of making an impression. The beauty of her nature is shown by her devotion to Hermione, and by the words she speaks to the repentant king at the close of the trial scene. Her apparent harshness in Act V, sc. i, is, of course, only to ensure that the time is thoroughly ripe for the restoration of his queen. Perdita is essentially a creation belonging to Shakespeare's last period.

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Her simplicity, modesty, and courage make her even more lovable than Miranda, with whom she has much in common.

The poetical beauties of the play are rich and multitudinous; that sweet scene of the sheep-shearing festival, where mirth,¹ love and sorrow successively predominate, is unequalled in dramatic literature; while the clown's description of the storm and the speech of Hermione at the trial alone are living witnesses to the insensibility of those who see nothing to admire in the *Winter's Tale*. It is almost needless to refer to the anachronisms that have been exploited time after time. The Delphic Oracle plays a prominent part in a play in which there are references to puritans and to Julio Romano. The pastoral scenes in Act IV introduce shepherds and rustics whose manners are entirely English, and who would appeal to the audiences of Shakespeare's time; the occasion is essentially a sheep-shearing festival, such as, no doubt, he had seen in the delightful villages of Warwickshire which surrounded his own home. It may be remarked that contemporary dramatists, with the exception of Ben Jonson, conformed to this custom; thus Beaumont and Fletcher introduce typically English sports and customs into a play the scene of which is laid in Florence; it is hypercritical to urge such points against the author of the *Winter's Tale*.

¹ That there was a more serious side to these festivals, and that they formed occasions for more than innocent mirth-making, is indicated in the old shepherd's speech in Act III, sc. iii ('I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty,' etc.). Stubbes in his *Anatomy of Abuses* has a very vigorous invective against May-games and kindred festivities for this reason; while more than half-a-century later a book called *Funebria Florae*, by Thomas Hall, was devoted to the setting forth of the prophaneness, stealing, drinking, whoring, etc., which disfigured the celebrations of those rustic rites.

1 THE NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

The References are generally to the first Speech of each Actor in his Scene.

LEONTES, *King of Sicillia*, I.ii.9, p. 2; II.i.34, p. 18; II.iii.1, p. 25; III.ii.1, p. 33; V.i.6, p. 75; V.iii.1, p. 87.

MAMILLUS, *young Prince of Sicillia*, I.ii.120, p. 6; II.i.4, p. 17.

CAMILLO.

ANTIGONUS.

CLEOMINES.

DION.

*Four
Lords of Sicillia.*

CAMILLO, I.i.5, p. 1; I.ii.208, p. 9; IV.ii.3, p. 45; IV.iv.109, p. 54; V.iii.49, p. 89.

ANTIGONUS, II.i.128, p. 21; II.iii.30, p. 26; III.iii.1, p. 40.

CLEOMINES, III.i.1, p. 32; III.ii.128, p. 37; V.i.1, p. 75.

DION, III.i.3, p. 32; III.ii.128, p. 37; V.i.24, p. 438.

HERMIONE, *Queen to LEONTES*, I.ii.28, p. 3; II.i.1, p. 17; III.ii.21, p. 34; *like a Statue*, V.iii.121, p. 91.

PERDITA, *Daughter to LEONTES and HERMIONE (as a Babe*, II.iii,* p. 26; III.iii,* p. 40), IV.iv.5, p. 50; V.i.202, p. 81; V.iii.42, p. 89.

PAULINA, *wife to ANTIGONUS*, II.ii.1, p. 23; II.iii.27, p. 26; III.ii.145, p. 37; V.i.12, p. 75; V.iii.2, p. 87.

EMILIA, *a Lady attending on HERMIONE*, II.ii.22, p. 24.

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia*, I.ii.1, p. 2; IV.ii.1, p. 45; V.iv.77, p. 53; V.iii.29, p. 88.

FLORIZELL, *Prince of Bohemia (as DORICLES, a Shepherd)*, IV.iv.1, p. 50; (as *Prince*), V.i.138, p. 79; V.iii,* p. 87.

Old Shepherd (of Bohemia), reputed Father of PERDITA, III.iii.58, p. 42; IV. iv.55, p. 52; V.ii.118, p. 86.

Clowne, *his Sonne*, III.iii.77, p. 42; IV.iii.33, p. 48; IV.iv.161, p. 165; V.ii.120, p. 86.

AUTOLICUS, *a Rogue*, IV.iii.1, p. 47; IV.iv.217, p. 57; V.ii.1, p. 83.

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia*, I.i.1, p. 1.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.

1st Lord to LEONTES, II.i.35, p. 18; II.iii.26, p. 26; III.ii.114, p. 36.

Other Lords to LEONTES, II.i,* p. 18; II.iii.143, p. 30.

¹ As this title, and the List of Names in Roman and Italic type are in F., at the end of the Play, they are left in F.'s order.

The Names of the Actors.

- 1st Servant to **LEONTES**, II.iii.9, p. 26; III.ii.139, p. 37.
 2nd Servant to **LEONTES**, II.iii.31, p. 26.
 A Servant to the Shephard (of Bohemia), IV.iv.182, p. 56.
 Servants to **LEONTES**, V.i.,* p. 75. One speaks, V.i.85, p. 78.
 A Lord of **POLIXENES** Court, V.i.178, p. 81.
 Lords of **LEONTES** Court, V.iii.,* p. 87.
 Shepheards, and Shephearddeffes, IV.iv.,* p. 52. Their Dance, IV.iv.,* p. 55.
 1st Lady to **HERMIONE**, II.i.2, p. 17.
 2nd Lady (with blacke Browes) to **HERMIONE**, II.i.7, p. 17.
 Sicillian Guards, II.i.,* p. 18.
 Sicillian Gaoler, II.ii.5, p. 23.
 Attendants on **PAULINA**, II.ii.,* p. 23.
 Officer of **LEONTES** Court of Justice, III.ii.9, p. 33.
 A Marriner, III.iii.2, p. 40.
 A Beare, III.iii.,* (growls) p. 42. ~
TIME, the Chorus, IV.i.1, p. 44.
MOPSA, a Bohemian Shephearddesse, IV.iv.232, p. 57.
DORCAS, a Bohemian Shephearddesse, IV.iv.234, p. 57.
 Three Coxters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds of Bohemia,
 as twelve Satyres: their Dance, IV.iv.,* p. 60.
 A small Trayne to **FLORIZELL** and **PERDITA**, V.i.,* p. 75.
 1st Gentleman of **LEONTES** Court, V.ii.2, p. 83.
 2nd Gentleman, **ROGERO**, of **LEONTES** Court, V.ii.20, p. 83.
 3rd Gentleman, the Lady **PAULINA'S** Steward, II.ii.,* p. 23; V.ii.28, p. 83.
 The Scene is laid in Sicillia for the first three Acts; in Bohemia for the last two.
 The Stage-time of the Play is 8 days, with 4 interims. 1 Day, I.i.ii. 2 Day, II.i.
 (7 Interim of 23 days.) 3 Day, II.ii.—III.i. 4 Day, III.ii. (2 Interim: *Antigonus's* voyage to Bohemia.) 5 Day, III.iii. (3 Interim, IV.i, of 16 years.)
 6 Day, IV.ii.iii. 7 Day, IV.iv. (4 Interim: journey to Sicillia.) 8 Day, V.i.
 iii.—P. A. Daniel, *New Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1877-9, p. 179.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (*Clarendon* or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

'F' means the First Folio of 1623. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When *-ed* final is pronounst as a separate syllable, the *e* is printed *ë*.

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[From the First Folio of 1623.]

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Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Sicillia. *Anteroom in LEONTES Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch.

IF you shall chance (*Camillo*) to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my seruices are now on-foot, you shall see (as I haue said) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*. 4

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia*, the Visitation which hee iustly owes him. 7

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs, we will be iustified in our Loues; for indeed . . .

Cam. 'Beseech you! . . . 10

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence . . . in so rare . . . I know not what to say! . . . Wee will giue you sleepeie Drinkes, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little accuse vs. 15

Cam. You pay a great deale too deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. 'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vtterance. 19

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himselfe ouer-kind to *Bohemia*! They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature [23] Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been

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Royally attorneyd with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to be together, though [27 absent; shooke hands, as ouer a Vast; and embrac'd (as it were) from the ends of oppos'd Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues! 30

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*! it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that euer came into my Note. 34

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subiect, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man. 38

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to liue.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to liue on Crutches till he had one. [Exeunt. 43

Actus Primus. Scœna Secunda.

Sicillia. A State-room in LEONTES Palace.

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, & Attendants.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre¹ hath been 1
The Shepheards Note, since we haue left our Throne
Without a Burthen. Time as long againe
Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, 4
And yet we should, for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt. And therefore, like a Cypher,
(Yet standing in rich place,) I multiply
With one 'We thanke you' many thousands moe, 8
That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir! that's to morrow.
I am question'd, by my feares, of what may chance,

¹ The Moon.

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Or breed vpon our absence; that may blow 12
 No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say,
 'This is put forth too truly'; besides, I haue stay'd
 To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)

Then you can put vs to't!

Pol. No longer stay! 16

Leo. One Seue'night longer!

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow!

Leo. Wee'le part the time betweene's then; and in that
 Ile no gaine-faying.

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so!

There is no Tongue that moues, (none, none i'th'World,) 20

So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,

Were there necessitie in your request, although

'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires

Doe euen drag me home-ward; which to hinder, 24

Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay,

To you a Charge, and Trouble: to faue both,

Farewell, (our Brother!)

Leo. [*to HER.*] Tongue-ty'd, our Queene? speake you!

Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill 28

You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay. You (Sir)

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure

'All in *Bohemia's* well': this satisfaction,

The by-gone day proclaym'd. Say this to him; 32

He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione*!

Her. To tell, 'he longs to see his Sonne,' were strong;

But let him say so then, and let him goe;

But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay; 36

Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.

¶ Yet, of your Royall prefence, Ile aduenture

The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia*

You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission, 40

To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest¹

Prefix'd for's parting: ¶ yet (good-deed) *Leontes*,

I loue thee not a Iarre² o'th'Clock, behind 43

¹ stopping-place, limit.

² tick.

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What Lady she, her Lord: ¶ You'le stay?

Pol. No, Madame!

Her. Nay, but you will!

Pol. I may not, verely!

Her. 'Verely'?

You put me off with limber Vowes; but I
(Though you would seek t'vnisphere the Stars with Oaths) 48
Should yet say, 'Sir, no going!' 'Verely'
You shall not goe! a Ladyes 'Verely' is
As potent as a Lords! Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner, 52
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you?
My 'Prisoner'? or my 'Guest'? by your dread 'Verely,'
One of them you shall be!

Pol. Your 'Guest', then, Madame: 56
To be your 'Prisoner', should import offending;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Gaoler, then,
But your kind Hostesse! Come! Ile question you 60
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?

Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day, 64
And to be Boy eternall.

Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th'Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd, 68
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd 72
With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen
Boldly, 'not guilty!' the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie, ours.¹

¹ 'Not guilty', setting aside Original Sin.—Warburton.

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Her. By this, we gather
You haue tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady! 76
Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for
In those vnledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious selfe had then not crost'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot! 80
Of this make no conclusion, leaft you say
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on!
Th'offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answere,
If you first sinn'd with vs, and that with vs 84
You did continue fault, and that you slip't not
With any, but with vs.

Leo. Is he woon yet?

Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord!)

Leo. At my request, he would not!
Hermione, (my dearest!) thou neuer spoak'ft 88
To better purpose!

Her. 'Neuer'?

Leo. Neuer, but once!

Her. What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me! cram's with prayse, and make's
As fat as tame things! One good deed, dying tonguelesse, 92
Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.
Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale! 96
My last good deed, was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*!
'But once' before I spoke to th'purpose? when? 100
Nay, let me haue't! I long!

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabb'd Moneths had fowr'd themselues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand,
And clap thy selfe my Loue. Then didst thou vtter, 104
'I am yours for euer!'

Her. 'Tis 'Grace' indeed!

The Winters Tale.

Why, lo-you now! I haue spoke to th' purpose twice! 106
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for some while, a Friend.

[Takes POLS hand. They walke apart.

Leo. [aside] Too hot! too hot! 108
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods!
I haue Tremor Cordis on me! my heart daunces,
But not for ioy; not ioy! This Entertainment
May a free face put on, deriue a Libertie 112
From Heartineffe, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent; 't 'may', I graunt;
But, to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
(As now they are,) and making practis'd Smiles 116
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere!¹ Oh! that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes! ¶ Mamillius,
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. I, my good Lord!

Leo. I'fecks! 120
Why, that's my Bawcock! What! has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come, Capitaine,
We must be neat! not neat, but cleanly, Capitaine!

[Wipes M.s Nose.

And yet the Steere, the Heycfer,² and the Calfe, 124
Are all call'd 'Neat.' [Watching POL. & HER.] ¶ Still
Virginalling

Vpon his Palme! ¶ How now, (you wanton Calfe!)
Art thou my Calfe?

Mam. Yes, if you will, (my Lord!)

Leo. [aside] Thou want'st a rough pash,³ & the shoots that
I haue, 128

To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing!) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks,⁴ as Wind, as Waters; false 132

¹ Mort o'th' Deere, the long notes,
blown on the death of the deer.

² Hec iuvenca, a hekfeere.—
Wright's Vocab. i. 177, l. 4. Hek-
feere, beeste (or styrke) Juvenca.—

Promptorium. 'Heckforde' (A.D.
1579, in Norfolk).—Forby.

³ pash, head. Shoots, budding
horns.

⁴ Blacks, mourning garments.

The Winters Tale.

As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
 No borne 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true,
 To say this Boy were like me. ¶ Come, (Sir Page!)
 Looke on me with your Welkin¹ eye! Sweet Villaine, 136
 Most dear 'ft! my Collop! Can thy Dam? . . . [*aside*] May't be?
 Affection!² thy Intention stabs the Center;
 Thou do'st make possible, things not so held;
 Communicat'ft with Dreames; (how can this be?)— 140
 With what's vnreall, thou coactiue art,
 And fellow'ft nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
 Thou may'ft co-ioyne with something; and thou do'ft,
 (And that beyond Commiffion,) and I find it, 144
 (And that to the infection of my Braines,
 And hardning of my Browes!) [**POL. & HER. come forward.**

Pol. What meanes *Sicilia*?

Her. He something seemes vnsetled!

Pol. How! my Lord!

Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother? 148

Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:
 Are you mou'd (my Lord?)

Leo. No, in good earnest!

(*[Aside*] How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly,
 It's tenderesse! and make it selfe a Pastime 152
 To harder bosomes! Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me-thoughts³ I did requoyle⁴

Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,

In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd, 156

Least it should bite it's Master, and so proue

(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous.

How like, (me thought) I then was to this Kernell, 159

This Squash, this Gentleman!) [*To MAM.*] Mine honest Friend,

Will you 'take Egges for Money'?

Mam. No (my Lord!) Ile fight!

Leo. You will? why, 'happy man be's dole!' ¶ My Brother,

Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we 163

Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, (Sir,)

¹ blue, or heavenly.

² natural instinct.—Schmidt.

³ by false analogy, from 'me-

thinks'.

⁴ requoyle = recoil.

The Winters Tale.

He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
 Now my fworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
 My Parasite, my Souldier, Statef-man, all: 167
 He makes a Iulyes day, short as December;
 And, with his varying child-nesse, cures in me
 Thoughts, that would thicke my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
 Offic'd with me. We two will walke, (my Lord,) 171
 And leaue you to your grauer steps. ¶ *Hermione*,
 How thou lou'ft vs, shew in our Brothers welcome!
 Let what is deare in *Sicily*, be cheape!
 Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's 175
 Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would seeke vs,
 We are yours i'th' Garden. Shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents dispose you! you'le be found,
 Be you beneath the Sky.—[*Aside*] I am angling now, 179
 (Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne.)
 Goe to, goe to! [Watching **POLIX. & HERM.**]

How she holds vp the Neb, the Byll to him!
 And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife 183
 To her allowing Husband! Gone already!
 Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; ore head and eares, a fork'd one!—

[*Exeunt all but LEON., CAMILLO, & MAM.*]
 ¶ Goe play, (Boy!) play! [*aside*] Thy Mother playes; and I
 Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue 187
 Will hisse me to my Graue! Contempt and Clamor
 Will be my Knell! ¶ Goe play (Boy!) play! [*Aside*] There
 haue been

(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
 And many a man there is, (euen at this present, 191
 Now, while I speake this,) holds his Wife by th'Arme,
 That little thinks she ha's been fluyd in's absence,
 And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
 Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor!) Nay, there's comfort in't, 195
 Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd
 (As mine) against their will. Should all despaire
 That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind

The Winters Tale.

Would hang themselves! Physick for't, there's none. 199

It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull, (thinke it!)

From East, West, North, and South. Be it concluded,

No Barricado for a Belly! Know't! 203

It will let in and out the Enemy,

With bag and baggage: many thousand on's

Haue the Disease, and feele't not. ¶ How now, Boy?

Mam. I am like you, **they** say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort! 207

¶ What! *Camillo* there?

Cam. [*comes forward*] I, my good Lord!

Leo. Goe play, (*Mamillius*!) thou'rt an honest man!

[*Exit* **MAM.**]

¶ *Camillo*, this great Sir will yet stay longer!

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold: 211

When you cast out, it still came home!

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions; made
His Businesse more materiall.

Leo. Didst perceiue it? 214

[*Aside*] They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:

'*Sicilia* is a—fo-forth'! 'tis farre gone,

When I shall gust¹ it last! ¶ How cam't (*Camillo*),

That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie. 218

Leo. 'At the Queenes' be't! 'Good' should be pertinent;

But, fo it is, it is not! Was this taken

By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?

For thy Conceit is foaking, will draw in 222

More then the common Blocks.² Not noted, is't,

But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls

Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes³

Perchance, are to this Businesse purblind? say! 226

Cam. 'Businesse', my Lord? I thinke, most vnderstand,

Bohemia stayes here longer . . .

Leo. Ha!

207. *they say*] F2. say F.

¹ *gust* = taste.

² *Blocks* = blockheads.

³ *Lower Messes* = commonalty,
who sit below the salt.

The Winters Tale.

- Cam.* Stayes here longer . . .
- Leo.* I, but why?
- Cam.* To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistresse.
- Leo.* 'Satisfie'? 231
'Th'entreaties of your Mistresse'? 'Satisfie'?
Let that suffice! I haue trusted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the neereft things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels; wherein (Priest-like) thou 235
Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed,
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been
Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd
In that which seemes so!
- Cam.* Be it forbid, (my Lord!) 239
- Leo.* To bide vpon't, thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'ft that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes¹ Honestie behind, restraining
From Course requir'd; or else thou must be counted 243
A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent; or else a Foole,
That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'ft it all for leaft.
- Cam.* My gracious Lord! 247
- I may be 'negligent', foolish, and fearefull:
In euery one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
(Among the infinite doings of the World,) 251
Sometime puts forth. In your affaires, (my Lord,)
If euer I were wilfull-'negligent',
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the 'Foole', it was my negligence, 255
Not weighing well the end; if euer 'fearefull'
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
(Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance,) 'twas a 'feare' 259
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord,)
Are such allow'd Infirmities, that 'honestie'
Is neuer free of! But, (beseech your Grace,)

¹ houghs, hamstrings, cuts the sinews of the thighs.

The Winters Tale.

Be plainer with me! let me know my Trespas 263
By it's owne vilage! If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine!

Leo. Ha' not you seene, *Camillo*,
(But that's past doubt! you haue! or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne!) or heard, 267
(For, to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute!) or thought, (for Cogitation
Refides not in that man, that do's not thinke,)
My Wife is flipperie? If thou wilt confesse, 271
Or else be impudently negatiue,
(To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought,) then say
My Wife's a Hoby-Horse; deserues a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts-to 275
Before her troth-plaint: say't, and iustify't!

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'threw my heart, 279
You neuer spoke what did become you lesse
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deepe as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses? 283
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honestie;) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift? 287
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web,¹ but theirs, theirs onely,
That would vnseene be wicked? Is this 'nothing'?
Why, then the World, and all that's in't, is 'nothing'! 291
The couering Skie is 'nothing'! *Bohemia* 'nothing'!
My Wife is 'nothing'! nor 'Nothing' haue these 'Nothings',
If this be 'nothing'.

Cam. Good my Lord! be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion! and betimes! 295
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be; 'tis true!

274. *hoby*] Capell. holy F.

¹ eye diseases.

The Winters Tale.

Cam. No, no! my Lord.

Leo. It is! you lye, you lye!

I say thou lyeft, *Camillo!* and I hate thee!
Pronounce thee a groffe Lowt, a mindleffe Slaue; 299
Or elfe a houering Temporizer, that
Canft with thine eyes at once fee good and euill,
Inclining to them both! were my Wiues Liuer
Infected (as her life), ſhe would not liue 303
The running of one Glaſſe.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why, he that weares her like her Medull,¹ hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*): who, if I
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes 307
To fee alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts,) they would doe that
Which ſhould vndoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I, from meaner forme, 311
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worſhip, who may't fee
Plainely (as Heauen fees Earth, and Earth fees Heauen)
How I am gall'd, might't be ſpice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a laſting Winke: 315
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.

Cam. Sir! (my Lord!)

I could doe this, and that with no raſh Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that ſhould not worke
Maliciouſly, like Poyſon: But I cannot 319
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Miſtreſſe,
So ſoueraignely being Honorable.
I haue lou'd thee, . . .

Leo. Make that thy queſtion, and goe rot! 323
Do'ſt thinke I am ſo muddy, ſo vnſetled,
To appoint² my ſelfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whitenefſe of my Sheetes,
(Which to preferue, is Sleepe; which being ſpotted, 327
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waſpes,)
Giue ſcandall to the blood o'th'Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine,)
Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this? 331

¹ a Medal or portrait of her.

² attire.

The Winters Tale.

Could man so blench?

Cam. I must beleue you, (Sir :)
I doe; and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't;
Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first, 335
Euen for your Sonnes sake; and thereby for fealing
The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou do'st aduise me,
Euen so as I, mine owne course haue set downe: 339
He giue no blemish to her Honor, none!

Cam. My Lord,
Goe then! and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with *Bohemia*, 343
And with your Queene. I am his Cup-bearer.
If from me he haue wholefome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant!

Leo. This is all!
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart; 347
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.

Cam. He do't, my Lord!

Leo. I wil feeme friendly, as thou hast aduis'd me. [*Exit.*]

Cam. O miserable Lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner 351
Of good *Polixenes*; and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master, one,
Who, in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed, 355
Promotion followes. If I could find example
Of thousand's¹ that had struck anynted Kings,
And flourish'd after, Il'd not do't! But since,
Nor Brafle, nor Stone, nor Parchment, beares not one, 359
Let Villanie it selfe forswear't! I must
Forake the Court! to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck! [*Sees POL.*] Happy Starre raigne now!
Here comes *Bohemia*!

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. [*aside*] This is strange! Me thinkes 363

¹ *thousand's* = thousandes.

The Winters Tale.

My fauor here begins to warpe! Not speake?

¶ Good day, *Camillo*!

Cam. Hayle! most Royall Sir!

Pol. What is the Newes i'th' Court?

Cam. None rare, (my Lord.)

Pol. The King bath on him such a countenance, 367

As he had lost some Prouince, and a Region

Lou'd, as he loues himselfe: euen now I met him

With customarie complement; when hee,

Waisting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling 371

A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and

So leaues me, to consider what is breeding,

That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know, (my Lord!) 374

Pol. How! 'dare' not? doe not? Doe you know, and
'dare not'?

Be intelligent to me! 'Tis thereabouts:

For to your selfe, what you 'doe know', you must,

And cannot say, you 'dare not'. Good *Camillo*! 378

Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,

Which shewes me mine chang'd too; for I must be

A partie in this alteration, finding

My selfe thus alter'd with't!

Cam. There is a sicknesse 382

Which puts some of vs in distemper; but

I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught

Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How? 'caught of me'?

Make me not fighted like the Basilisque! 386

I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. *Camillo*!

As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto

Clerke-like experienc'd, (which no lesse adorne 390

Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,

In whose sucresse we are gentle,) I beseech you,

If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,

Thereof to be inform'd! imprison't not 394

In ignorant concealement!

Cam. I may not answere. [*Turns away.*

Pol. 'A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well?'

I. ii. 364-396.]

The Winters Tale.

I must be answer'd! Do'st thou heare, *Camillo*?

[*Follows him.*

I cóniure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, (whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine,) that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere; 402
Which way to be preuented, if to be;
If not, how best to beare it.

Cam. Sir! I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in 'Honor', and by him 405
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as
I meane to vtter it; or both your selfe, and me
Cry 'loft', and so good night!

Pol. On! good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you. 410

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam.

By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinkes, nay, with all confidence he sweares,
(As he had seene't, or beene an Instrumēt
To vice¹ you to't,) that you haue toucht his Queene 414
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly! and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best!²
Turne then my freshest Reputation, to 418
A fauour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill
Where I arriue, and my approach be shun'd,
(Nay, hated too,) worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read!

Cam. Sweare his thought ouer 422
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences, you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake, 426
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation

¹ screw, force, as with a Vice.

² Judas Iscariot.

The Winters Tale.

Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to 430
Auoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke [*Points to his own bulk*],
which you

Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night! 434
Your Followers, I will whisper to the Businesse,
And will (by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes,)
Cleare them o'th' Citie. For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here, 438
By this discouerie, lost.) Be not vncertaine!
For, by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue vttered Truth! which if you seeke to proue,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer, 442
Then one condemn'd by the Kings owne mouth, thereon
His Execution fworne.

Pol. I doe beleue thee!

I saw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand!
Be Pilot to me! and thy places¹ shall 446
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. [*Aside*] This Iealousie
Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare, 450
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,
Must it be violent; and, as he do's conceiue,
He is dishonor'd by a man which euer
Profess'd to him; why, his Reuenges must 454
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me!
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne suspition! ¶ Come, *Camillo*! 458
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'ft my life off, hence. Let vs auoid!

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse
To take the vrgent houre! Come, Sir! away! [*Exeunt.* 463

¹ *places, preferments, honours.*

The Winters Tale.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Sicillia. *The Queens Room in LEONTES Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, Ladies: (& later, LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Guards.)

Her. Take the Boy to you! he so troubles me, 1
'Tis past enduring!

1. Lady. Come, (my gracious Lord!)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No! Ile none of you!

1. Lady. Why, (my sweet Lord?) 4

Mam. You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me as if
I were a Baby still. ¶ [*To 2. Lady.*] I loue you, better.

2. Lady. And why so, (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker; yet black-browes, they say 8
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.

2. Lady. Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces. ¶ Pray now, 12
What colour are your eye-browes?

1. Lady. Blew, (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock! I haue seene a Ladies Nose
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

1. Lady. Harke ye! 16

The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our seruices to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes; and then you'l'd wanton'with vs,
If we would haue you.

2. Lady. She is spread of late 20
Into a goodly Bulke; (good time encounter her!)

Her. What wisdome stirs amongst you? [*To MAM.*] Come,
Sir! now

I am for you againe. 'Pray you fit by vs,
And tell's a Tale!

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be? 24

Her. As 'merry' as you will.

The Winters Tale.

Mam. A 'fad' Tale's best for Winter: I haue one
Of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's haue that, (good Sir!)
Come-on, fit downe! come-on, and doe your best, 28
To fright me with your Sprights! you're powrefull at it.

Mam. There was a man . . .

Her. Nay, come, fit downe! then on!
Mam. [*sitting down*] Dwelt by a Church-yard. . . I will tell
it softly;

Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

Her. Come on then, 32
And giu't me in mine eare! [*M. whispers.*]

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, & Guards.

Leon. Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with him?

1. Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them; neuer
Saw I men scawre fo on their way! I eyed them 36
Euen to their Ships!

Leo. [*aside*] How blest am I
In my iust Censure! in my true Opinion!
Alack, for lesfer knowledge! how accurs'd,
In being fo 'blest'! There may be in the Cup, 40
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke, depart,
And yet partake no venome, (for his knowledge
Is not infected;) but if one present

Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne 44
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent Hefts. I haue drunke, and seene the Spider!
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar.

There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne! 48
All's true that is mistrusted! that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him!
He ha's discouer'd my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick 52
For them to play at will! ¶ How came the Posternes
So easily open?

1. Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well. 56

The Winters Tale.

[To **HERM.**] Give me the Boy! [He takes **MAM.**] I am glad you did not nurse him!

Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you
Haue too much blood in him.

Her. [*rises*] What is this?—Sport? 59

Leo. Bear the Boy hence! he shall not come about her!
 Away with him! [*A Lord leads out MAM.*] and let her sport
 her selfe

With that shee's big with ! [To HERM.] for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not;
 And Ile be fworne you would beleuee my faying,
 How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward. 64

Leo. [*pointing to HERM.*] You (my Lords!)
 Looke on her, marke her well! be but about
 To say 'she is a goodly Lady,' and
 The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde
 'Tis pittie shee's not honest, Honorable!' 68

Prayſe her but for this, her without-dore-Forme,
(Which, on my faith, deſerues high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (theſe Petty-brands 72

That Calummie doth vse;—Oh, I am out;—
That Mercy do's; for Calummie will feare
Vertue it selfe:) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
When you haue said 'thee's goodly', come betweene, 76
Ere you can say 'thee's honest': But be't knowne
(From him that ha's most cause to grieue it should be)
Thee's an Adultresse!

Her. Should a Villaine say so,
(The most replenish'd Villaine in the World,) 80
He were as much more Villaine! You (my Lord)
Doe but mistake!

Leo. You haue 'mistooke' (my Lady)
Polixenes for Leontes! O thou Thing!
 (Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,

84

Least Barbarifine—making me the precedent—
Should a like Language vie to all degrees,
And mannerly distinction leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Beggar :) ¶ I have said 88
'Shee's an Adultresse'; I have said with whom :

The Winters Tale.

More, thee's a Traytor! and *Camillo* is
 A Federarie with her; and one that knowes
 (What she should shame to know her selfe, 92
 But with her most vild Principall) that thee's
 A Bed-fwaruer,¹ euen as bad as those
 That Vulgars giue bold't Titles! I, and priuy
 To this their late escape!

Her. No, (by my life!) 96
 Priuy to none of this! How will this grieue you
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
 You thus haue publish'd me! Gentle my Lord,
 You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say 100
 You did mistake.

Leo. No! if I 'mistake'
 In those Foundations which I build vpon,
 The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
 A Schoole-Boyes Top. [*To Guards*] Away with her, to 104
 Prison!

He who shall speake for her, is a-farre off guiltie,
 But that he speakes.

Her. There's some ill Planet raignes!
 I must be patient, till the Heauens looke
 With an aspect more fauorable. ¶ Good my Lords, 108
 I am not prone to weeping, (as our Sex
 Commonly are); the want of which vaine dew
 Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue
 That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes 112
 Worfe then Teares drowne: 'Befeech you all (my Lords!)
 With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me! and so
 The Kings will be perform'd!

Leo. [*to Guards.*] Shall I be heard? 116

Her. Who is't that goes with me? ¶ 'Befeech your Highnes
 My Women may be with me! for you see
 My plight requires it. ¶ Doe not weepe, (good Fooles!)
 There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris 120
 Ha's deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares,
 As I come out. This Action I now goe on,
 Is for my better grace. ¶ Adieu, (my Lord!)

¹ *swaruer* = swerver.

The Winters Tale.

I neuer with'd to see you sorry; now 124

I trust I shall. ¶ My Women, come! you haue leaue.

Leo. Goe, doe our bidding! hence!

[*Exeunt HERM. guarded, & Ladies.*]

1. *Lord.* Befeech your Highnesse, call the Queene againe!

Antig. Be certaine what you do, (Sir,) leaft your Iustice 128
Proue violence; in the which, three great ones suffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne!

2. *Lord.* For her (my Lord,)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do't, Sir,
(Pleafe you t'accept it,) that the Queene is spotlesse 132
I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you; (I meane
In this, which you accuse her!)

Antig. If it proue
Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife; Ile goe in couples with her; 136
Then, when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:
For euery ynh of Woman in the World,
I, euery dram of Womans flesh, is false,
If she be!

Leo. Hold your peaces!

1. *Lord.* Good my Lord! . . . 140

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selues:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for't! Would I knew the Villaine,
I would Land-damne¹ him! Be she honor-flaw'd, 144
I haue three daughters: (the eldest is eleuen;
The second and the third, nine and some fiewe:)
If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor,
Ile gelld em all! fourteene, they shall not see, 148
To bring false generations: they are co-heyres;
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue!

Leo. Cease! no more!
You smell this businesse with a fence as cold 152
As is a dead-mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus [*grasps ANT.S arm*]; and see withall

¹ *Landan*, a word (like *randan*) imitating the noise of rustics beating drums, pans, kettles, and blowing horns before an adulterer's house. *N. & Q.* iii. 464, *New Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1874, p. 511-12.

The Winters Tale.

The Instruments that feele.

Antig. If it be so,
We neede no graue to burie Honesty: 156
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten,
Of the whole dungy-earth.

Leo. What! lacke I credit?
1. Lord. I had rather you did lacke, then I, (my Lord,) 160
Vpon this ground; and more it would content me,
To haue her Honor true, then your suspition,
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what neede we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow 164
Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogatiue
Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse
Imparts this: which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill,) cannot, or will not
Rellish a truth, like vs; informe your selues, 168
We neede no more of your aduice: the matter,
The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Antig. And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it, 172
Without more ouerture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole. *Camillo's* flight, 176
Added to their Familiarity,
(Which was as grosse, as euer touch'd coniecture,
That lack'd fight onely, nought for approbation
But onely seeing, all other circumstances
Made vp to'th deed,) doth push-on this proceeding. 180
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Most pitteous to be wilde,) I haue dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Appollo's* Temple, 184
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency:¹ Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all; whose spirituall counsaile had,

183. *haue*] *haue* (turn'd *u*) F. | honorable vertues.²—*Much Ado*, I.

¹ Cp. 'a man, stufft with al' i. 48, 49.

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Shall stop, or spurre me. Haue I done well? 188

1. Lord. Well done, (my Lord!)

Leo. Though I am fatisfide, and neede no more

Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle 191

Giue reft to th'mindes of others, such as he, [*Points to ANT.*]

Whose ignorant credulitie will not

Come vp to th'truth. So haue we thought it good,

From our free perfon, the fhould be confinde,

Leaft that the treachery of the two fled hence, 196

Be left her to performe. Come, follow vs!

We are to speake in publique: for this bufineffe

Will raife vs all.

Antig. [aside] To laughter, as I take it,

If the good truth were knowne. [*Exeunt.* 200]

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

A Prison in Sicillia.

Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman,¹ & Attendants. (Later, the Gaoler, & EMILIA.)

Paul. The Keeper of the prifon, call to him!

Let him haue knowledge who I am! [*Exit Gent.*] Good

Lady,

No Court in *Europe* is too good for thee!

What doft thou then in prifon?

Re-enter Gentleman with the Gaoler.

Now, good Sir, 4

You know me, do you not?

Gao.

For a worthy Lady,

And one, who much I honour.

Pau.

Pray you, then,

Condu&t me to the Queene!

Gao.

I may not, (Madam)!

To the contrary, I haue expresse commandment. 8

Pau. Here's a-do,

To locke vp honesty & honour from

¹ He may well be 'the Lady *Paulinas* Steward' of V. ii.

The Winters Tale.

Th'accesse of gentle visitors! Is't lawfull, pray you,
To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia?* 12

Gao. So please you (Madam)
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray now, call her!
¶ With-draw your selues! [*Exeunt Gent. & Attendants.*

Gao. And, Madam, 16
I must be present at your Conference.

Pau. Well! be't so, prethee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Heere's such a-doe, to make no stayne, a stayne
As passes colouring!

Re-enter Gaoler with EMILIA.

Deare Gentlewoman! 20
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne,
May hold together. On her frights and greefes,
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater,) 24
She is, something before her time, deliuer'd.

Pau. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to liue. The Queene receiues
Much comfort in't: Sayes, 'my poore prisoner, 28
I am innocent as you!'

Pau. I dare be sworne!
These dangerous, vn safe Lunes i'th'King, beshrew them!
He must be told on't; and he shall! the office
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't vpon me! 32
If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And neuer, to my red-look'd Anger, bee
The Trumpet any more! Pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my best obedience to the Queene: 36
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and vndertake to bee
Her Aduocate to th'lowd'ft. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th'Childe: 40
The silence (often) of pure innocence
Perfwades, when speaking failes.

II. ii. 11-41.] 21. *gracious*] gracious F.

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Emil. Most worthy Madam!
 Your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,
 That your free vndertaking cannot misse 44
 A thriving yssue: there is no Lady liuing
 So meete for this great errand. Please your Ladiship
 To visit the next roome, Ile presently
 Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer; 48
 Who, but to day, hammered of this designe,
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
 Least she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
 Ile vse that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't, 52
 As boldnesse from my bosome, let't not be doubted
 I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it! [neerer!
 Ile to the Queene! [*To Gao.*] Please you, come something

Gao. Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe, 56
 I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,
 Hauing no warrant.

Paul. You neede not feare it, (fir!)
 This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is,
 By Law and processe of great Nature, thence 60
 Free'd, and enfranchis'd; not a partie to
 The anger of the King, nor guilty of
 (If any be) the trespassse of the Queene.

Gao. I do beleeeue it! 64

Paul. Do not you feare! vpon mine honor, I
 Will stand betwixt you, and danger! [*Exeunt.* 66

Actus Secundus. Scæna Tertia.

Sicillia. The Kings Room in LEONTES Palace.

*Enter LEONTES, Seruants, (& later, PAULINA, ANTIGONUS,
 and Lords.)*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest! It is but weaknesse I
 To beare the matter thus; meere weaknesse! If
 The cause were not in being; (part o'th'cause,)

47. *presently*] presently F.

53. *let*] F3. le F.

25

[II. ii. 42-66; iii. 1-3.

The Winters Tale.

She, th'Adultresse; (for the harlot-King 4
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine, plot-prooffe; but thee,
I can hooke to me :) say that she were gone,
Guen to the fire, a moiety of my rest 8
Might come to me againe. ¶ Whose there?

1. Ser. [aduancing] My Lord!

Leo. How do's the boy?

1. Ser. He tooke good rest to night :
'Tis hop'd, his sicknesse is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his Noblenesse! 12

Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe,
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe, 16 [goe,
And down-right languish'd. [*To Seru.*] Leau me solely!
See how he fares! [*Exit Seru. Others draw back.*] ¶ Fie,
fie! no thought of him!

The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recoyle vpon me : in himselfe too mightie, 20
And in his parties, his Alliance. Let him be,
Vntill a time may serue! For present vengeance,
Take it on her! *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow : 24
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my powre!

Enter, behind, PAULINA, with the Babe.

1. Lord. You must not enter!

Paul. Nay, rather, (good my Lords!) be second to me!
Feare you his tyrannous passion more, (alas!) 28
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,
More free, then he is iealous.

Antig. That's enough!

2. Ser. Madam! he hath not slept to night; commanded
None should come at him.

Pau. Not so hot, (good Sir!) 32

I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you,
(That creepe like shadowes by him, and do fighè
At each his needlesse heatings;) such as you,

The Winters Tale.

Nourish the cause of his awaking. I 36
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true,
(Honest as either,) to purge him of that humor
That presses him from sleepe.

Leo. Who noyse there, hoe?

Pau. [*comes forward*] No 'noyse,' (my Lord!) but need-
full conference, 40
About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

Leo. How?

¶ Away with that audacious Lady! ¶ *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me;
I knew she would!

Ant. I told her so, (my Lord!) 44
On your displeasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What! canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonestie he can: in this,
(Vlesse he take the course that you haue done, 48
Commit me, for committing honor,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La-you now! you heare!
When she will take the raine, I let her run;
But shee'l not stumble!

Paul. Good my Liege! I come, 52
And I beseech you heare me, (who professes
My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,
Your most obedient Counsaillor; yet that dares
Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles, 56
Then such as most seeme yours:) I say, I come
From your good Queene.

Leo. 'Good Queene'?

Paul. 'Good Queene', (my Lord,)
'Good Queene'; I say 'good Queene';
And would, by combate, make her 'good,' so were I 60
A man, the worst about you!

Leo. Force her hence!

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me! On mine owne accord, Ile off;
But first, Ile do my errand! The 'good Queene' 64
(For she is 'good',) hath brought you forth a daughter:

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(Heere 'tis!) Commends it to your blessing!

[Lays down the Babe.

Leo.

Out!

A mankinde Witch! Hence with her! out o'dore!

A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul.

Not fo!

68

I am as ignorant in that, as you

In so entit'ling me; and no lesse honest

Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant

(As this world goes) to passe for 'honest'.

Leo.

Traitors!

72

Will you not push her out? Giue her the Bastard!

[To ANTIG.] Thou dotard! thou art woman-tyr'd,¹ vnroofed

By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take vp the Bastard!

Take't vp, I say! giue't to thy Croane!

Paul. [to ANTIG.]

For euer

76

Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'ft vp the Princeesse, by that forced baseness

Which he ha's put vpon't.

Leo.

He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would, you did! then 'twere past all doubt, 80

You'd call your children, yours.

Leo.

A nest of Traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light!

Pau.

Nor I! nor any

But one that's heere; and that's himselfe! for he,

The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,

84

His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,

Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not

(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse

He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remoue

88

The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,

As euer Oake or Stone was found.

Leo.

A Callat

Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,

And now bayts me! This Brat is none of mine!

92

It is the issue of *Polixenes*!

¶ Hence with it! and, together with the Dam,

¹ *woman-tyr'd*, hen-pecked.

88. *to* too F.

The Winters Tale.

Commit them to the fire !

Paul. It is yours !

And (might we lay th'old Prouerb to your charge,) 96

' So like you, 'tis the worfe ' ! Behold, (my Lords !)

[*Points to Babe.*]

Although the Print be little, the whole Matter

And Coppy of the Father : (Eye, Nose, Lippe,

The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head ; nay, the Valley, 100

The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke ; his Smiles ;

The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger !)

—And thou, good Goddesse *Nature*, which hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast 104

The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours,

No Yellow in't, leaft she suspect, as he do's,

Her Children, not her Husbands !

Leo. A grosse Hagge !

[*To ANT.*] And, Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd, 108

That will not stay her Tongue !

Antig. Hang all the Husbands

That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your selfe

Hardly one Subiect !

Leo. Once more, take her hence !

Paul. A most vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord 112

Can doe no more.

Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt !

Paul. I care not !

It is an Heretique that makes the fire,

Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you 'Tyrant' ;

But this most cruell vsage of your Queene, 116

(Not able to produce more accusation

Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy,) something fauors

Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,

Yea, scandalous to the World !

Leo. [*to Lords*] On your Allegiance, 120

Out of the Chamber with her ! Were I a 'Tyrant',

Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,

If she did know me one. Away with her ! [*Lords push her.*]

Paul. I pray you doe not push me ! Ile be gone. 124

[*To LEON.*] Looke to your Babe, (my Lord !) 'tis yours ! *Ioue*

send her

The Winters Tale.

A better guiding Spirit! [*To the Lords*] What needs these hands?
 You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,
 Will neuer doe him good, not one of you! 128

¶ So, so! Farewell! we are gone! [*Exit.*]

Leo. Thou (Traytor!) hast set on thy Wife to this!
 My Child? Away with't! Euen thou, that hast
 A heart so tender o're it, take it hence! 132

And see it instantly confum'd with fire!
 Euen thou, and none but thou! Take it vp straight!
 Within this houre, bring me word 'tis done,
 (And by good testimonie,) or Ile seize thy life, 136
 With what thou else call'st thine! If thou refuse,
 And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
 The Bastard-braynes, with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out! Goe, take it to the fire, 140
 For thou sett'st on thy Wife!

Antig. I did not, Sir!
 These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
 Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can, my Royall Liege!
 He is not guiltie of her comming hither! 144

Leo. You're lyers all!

I. Lord. Beseech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit!
 We haue alwayes truly seru'd you, and beseech', [*begge,*
 So to esteeme of vs: [*Lords kneel*] and on our knees we
 (As recompence of our deare seruices 149
 Past, and to come,) that you doe change this purpose,
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some fowle Issue! We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows: 153
 Shall I liue on, to see this Bastard kneele,
 And call me 'Father'? better burne it now,
 Then curse it then. But be it! let it liue! [*Lords rise.*
 It shall not neyther! [*To ANTIG.*] You, Sir, come you hither!
 You that haue bene so tenderly officious 158
 (With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there)
 To saue this Bastards life; (for 'tis a Bastard,
 So sure as this Beard's gray!) What will you aduenture,

147. *beseech*] F. beseech you Rowe.

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To faue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord!) 162

That my abilitie may vndergoe,

And Nobleneſſe impoſe: at leaſt thus much:

Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,

To faue the Innocent: any thing poſſible! 166

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible. Swear by this Sword [*Holds it out.*
Thou wilt performe my bidding!

Antig. I will, (my Lord!)

Leo. Marke, and performe it! ſeeſt thou? for the faile
Of any point in't, ſhall not onely be 170

Death to thy ſelfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,

(Whom for this time we pardon.) We enioyne thee,

As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Baſtard hence, and that thou beare it 174

To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out

Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it

(Without more mercy) to it¹ owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate. As by ſtrange fortune 178

It came to vs, I doe in Juſtice charge thee,

On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,

That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where Chance may nurſe, or end it. Take it vp! 182

Antig. I ſweare to doe this; though a preſent death
Had bene more mercifull. ¶ Come on, (poore Babe!)

[*Takes it up.*

Some powerfull Spirit inſtruēt the Kytes and Rauens

To be thy Nurſes! Wolues and Beares, they ſay, 186
(Caſting their ſauagenefſe aſide,) haue done

Like offices of Pitty. ¶ Sir, be proſperous [Bleſſing

In more then this deed do's require! [*To the Babe*] And

Againſt this Crueltie, fight on thy ſide, 190
(Poore Thing, condemn'd to loſe!) [*Exit with the Babe.*

Leo.

No! Ile not reare

Anothers Iſſue!

Enter a Seruant.

1. Seru. Pleaſe 'your Highneſſe, Poſts
From thoſe you ſent to th'Oracle, are come

¹ *it* = *its*.

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An houre since : *Cleomines* and *Dion*, 194
 Being well arriu'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
 Hafting to th'Court.
I. Lord. So please you, (Sir,) their speed
 Hath beene beyond accompt.
Leo. Twentie three dayes
 They haue beene absnt : 'tis good speed ; fore-tells, 198
 The great *Apollo* suddenly will haue
 The truth of this appeare. Prepare you, Lords !
 Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
 Our most disloyall Lady ! for, as she hath 202
 Been publikely accus'd, so shall she haue
 A iust and open Triall. While she liues,
 My heart will be a burthen to me. Leau me,
 And thinke vpon my bidding ! [*Exeunt seuerally.* 206

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Sicillia. An Inn, one post from the Capital.

Enter CLEOMINES and DION, in riding habits, attended.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet, 1
 Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
 The common prayse it beares !

Dion. I shall report 4
 (For most it caught me) the Celestiall Habits,
 (Me thinks I so should terme them,) and the reuerence
 Of the graue Wearers ! O, the Sacrifice !
 How ceremonious, solemne, and vn-earthly
 It was i'th'Offering !

Cleo. But of all, the burst 8
 And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th'Oracle,
 Kin to *Ioues* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
 That I was nothing.

Dio. If th'euent o'th'Journey 12
 Proue as successefull to the Queene (O be't so !)
 As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleafant, speedie,
 The time is worth the vse on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*

12. *successesfull*] *successesfull* (turnd *u*) F.

II. iii. 194-206 ; III. i. 1-14.] - 32

The Winters Tale.

Turne all to th' best! These Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*, 16
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Businesse. When the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine seal'd vp)
Shall the Contents discouer, something rare 20
Euen then will rush to knowledge. ¶ Goe! fresh Horses! 1
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.]

Actus Tertius. Scœna Secunda.

Sicillia. The High Court of Iustice; 'i' th' open ayre.' 2

Enter LEONTES, Lords, Officers, Commonalty: afterwards,
HERMIONE (as to her Triall), *PAULINA*, Ladies: then
CLEOMINES, *DION*: & last, a Seruant.

Leo. This Sessions (to our great grieve we pronounce) 1
Euen pushes 'gainst our heart! The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd 4
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation.
Produce the Prisoner! 8

Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Apppeare in person, here in Court. Silence!

Enter *HERMIONE* guarded, with *PAULINA* & Ladies
attending.

Leo. Reade the Indictment! 11

Officer. [reads] 'Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes,
King of Sicilia! thou art here accused and arraigned of High
Treason, in committing Adultery with Polixenes, King of
Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the [15
Life of our Soueraigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband:
the pretence³ whereof being by circumstances partly layd open,

¹ Line 21 implies that the Riders
had brought in tired horses, and
had not just landed, as some Eds.

make them.

² See l. 103, p. 36.

³ pretence = intent.

[III. i. 15-22; ii. 1-17.

The Winters Tale.

thou (Hermione) contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subiect, didst counsaile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by Night. 20

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accufation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me 24
To say, 'Not guiltie!' mine Integritie
Being counted Falshehood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions, (as they doe,) 28
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
Falsc Accufation blush, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. ¶ You (my Lord) best know,
(Whom least will seeme to doe so,) my past life 32
Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Then Historie can patterne, though deuisc'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me, 36
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne; a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
To prate and talke for Life and Honor, 'fore 40
Who please to come, and heare! For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe, (which I would spare :) For Honor,
'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine;
And onely that, I stand for. I appeale 44
To your owne Conscience, (Sir,) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so vncurrant, I 48
Haue frayn'd t'apppeare thus: if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin 52
Cry 'fie' vpon my Graue!

Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did,
Then to performe it first!

III. ii. 18-55.]

The Winters Tale.

Her. That's true enough, 56
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me!

Leo. You will not owne it!

Her. More then Mistresse of
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*, 60
(With whom I am accus'd,) I doe confesse

I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd,
With such a kind of Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such 64

(So, and no other) as your selfe commanded:
Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude

To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke, 68
Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie!

I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: All I know of it, 72
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;

And why he left your Court, the Gods themselues
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know 76
What you haue vndersta'ne to doe in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speake a Language that I vnderstand not!
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my 'Dreames'. 80
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,

And I but dream'd it! As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so,) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auailles; for as 84

Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminall in thee, then it,) so thou
Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage, 88
Looke for no lesse then death!

Her. Sir, spare your Threats!
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke.
To me, can Life be no commoditie;

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The crowne and comfort of my Life, (your Fauor,) 92
 I doe giue lost; for I doe feele it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second Ioy,
 And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am bard, like one infectious. My third comfort, 96
 (Stard most vnluckily,) is from my breast,
 (The innocent milke in it ¹ most innocent mouth!)
 Hal'd out to murther! My selfe, on euey Post
 Proclaym'd a Strumpet! With immodest hatred, 100
 The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
 To Women of all fashion! Lastly, hurried
 Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before
 I haue got strength of limit! Now (my Liege) 104
 Tell me what blessings I haue here aliue,
 That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed!
 But yet heare this! mistake me not!—no Life,
 (I prize it not a straw,) but for mine Honor, 108
 Which I would free;—if I shall be condemn'd
 Vpon furmizes, (all proofes sleeping else,
 But what your Iealousies awake,) I tell you,
 'Tis Rigor, and not Law. ¶ Your Honors all, 112
 I doe referre me to the Oracle!
Apollo be my Iudge!
1. Lord. This your request
 Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth 115
 (And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle! [*Exeunt some Officers.*]
Her. The Emperor of *Russia* was my Father.
 Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
 His Daughters Tryall! that he did but see
 The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes 120
 Of Pitty, not Reuenge!
Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES & DION, & seald Letter.
Officer. You here shal sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,
 That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue
 Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence haue brought 124
 This seald-vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
 Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then,
 You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,

96. *bard*] bar'd F.
 III. ii. 92-127.]

97. *Stard*] Star'd F.
 36

¹ *it* = its.

The Winters Tale.

Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. Dio. All this we sweare! 128

Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read!

Officer. [*reads*] 'Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blamelesse;
Camillo a true Subiect; Leontes a iealous Tyrant; his innocent
Babe truly begotten; and the King shall liue without an Heire,
if that which is lost, be not found.' 133

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*!

Her. Prayfed!

Leo. Haft thou read truth?

Offic. I, (my Lord!) euen so as it is here set downe!

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th'Oracle! 137

The Sessions shall proceed! this is meere falsehood!

[A Servant rushes in.]

1. Ser. My Lord the King! the King!

Leo. What is the businesse?

1. Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it!

The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare 141

Of the Queenes speed, is gone!

Leo. How? gone?

1. Ser. Is dead!

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the Heauens themselues

Doe strike at my Iniustice! [*HERMIONE swoons.*] How now
there?

Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene! Look downe,
And see what Death is doing!

Leo. Take her hence! 146

Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recouer.

(I haue too much beleeu'd mine owne suspicion.)

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life! [*PAULINA & Ladies bear out*

HERMIONE.] ¶ *Apollo*! pardon 150

My great prophanenesse 'gainst thine Oracle!—

Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,

New woe¹ my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*,

(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:) 154

For, being transported by my Iealousies

To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose

144. *strike*] *staike* (turnd r) F.

¹ *woe* = woo.

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Camillo for the minifter, to poyfon
 My friend *Polixenes* : which had been done, 158
 But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
 My fwift command, though I, with Death, and with
 Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
 Not doing it, and being done : he (moft humane, 162
 And fill'd with Honor,) to my Kingly Gueft
 Vnclasp'd my praife, quit his fortunes here,
 (Which you knew great,) and to the hazard
 Of all Incertainties, himfelfe commended, 166
 No richer then his Honor. How he glifters
 Through my Ruft ! and how his Pietie
 Do's my deeds make the blacker !

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while !
 O cut my Lace, leaft my heart (cracking it) 170
 Breake too !
I. Lord. What fit is this, good Lady ?
Paul. What ftudied torments (Tyrant !) haft for me ?
 What Wheeles ? Racks ? Fires ? What flaying ? boyling ?
 In Leads, or Oyles ? What old, or newer Torture 174
 Muft I receiue, whose euery word deferues
 To tafte of thy moft worft ? Thy Tyranny
 Together working with thy Iealoufies,
 (Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle 178
 For Girles of Nine,) O, thinke what they haue done,
 And then run mad indeed, ftarke-mad ! for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but fpices of it.
 That thou betrayed'ft *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing ; 182
 (That did but fhew thee, of a Foole, inconfant,
 And damnable ingratefull :) Nor was't much,
 Thou would'ft haue poyfon'd good *Camillo's* Honor
 To haue him kill a King ; (poore Trefpaffes, 186
 More monftrous ftanding by : whereof I reckon
 The cafting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
 To be or none, or little ; though a Deuill
 Would haue fhed water out of fire, ere don't :) 190
 Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
 Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts

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(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire 194
Blemish'd his gracious Dam : this is not, no,
Layd to thy anfwere ; but the last, (¶ O Lords,
When I haue said, cry ' woe ! ') the Queene, the Queene,
The sweet'ft, deer'ft creature's dead ! & vengeance for't 198
Not drop'd downe yet.

1. *Lord.* The higher powres forbid !

Pau. I say, she's dead ! Ile swear't ! If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and see ! if you can bring 202
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you
As I would do the Gods. ¶ But, O thou Tyrant !
Do not repent these things ; for they are heauier 206
Then all thy woes can stirre : therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire ! A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter 210
In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't !

Leo. Go on, go on !

Thou canst not speake too much ; I haue deseru'd
All tongues to talke their bittrest ! [*Hides his face in his hands.*]

1. *Lord.* Say no more ! 214

How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I'th boldnesse of your speech.

Pau. I am sorry for't !

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas ! I haue shew'd too much 218
The rashnesse of a woman : he is toucht
To th' Noble heart ! [*Goes vp to LEON.*] What's gone, and
what's past helpe,

Should be past greefe. Do not receiue affliction
At my petition ! I beseech you, rather 222
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you
Of what you should forget ! Now, (good my Liege !)

[*Touches him.*]

Sir, Ryall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman !
The loue I bore your Queene . . . (Lo, foole againe !) 226
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children :

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Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is loft too :) take your patience to you
And Ile say nothing !

Leo. Thou didst speake but well, 230
When most the truth ; which I receyue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee ! Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne :
One graue shall be for both : Vpon them, shall 234
The causes of their death appeare (vnto
Our shame perpetuall). Once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye ; and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature 238
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long
I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes ! [Exeunt. 241

Actus Tertius. Scæna Tertia.

Bohemia. The desert sea-shore.

*Enter ANTIGONUS with HERMIONES Babe, & a Marriner.
(Later, an old Sheepeheard, and Clowne, his Son.)*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Defarts of *Bohemia* ?

Mar. I, (my Lord !) and feare
We haue Landed in ill time : the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience, 4
The heauens (with that we haue in hand) are angry,
And frowne vpon's.

Ant. Their sacred Wils be done ! go get a-board !
Looke to thy barke ! Ile not be long before 8
I call vpon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too farre i'th Land ! 'tis like to be lowd weather.
Besides, this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.

Antig. Go thou away ! 12
Ile follow instantly.

7. *Wils*] wil's F.

III. ii. 228-241 ; iii. 1-12.]

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<p><i>Mar.</i></p> <p><i>Ant.</i></p>	<p>I am glad at heart To be so ridde o'th businesse.</p> <p>Come, poore babe! I haue heard, (but not beleeu'd,) the Spirits o'th'dead May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother Appear'd to me last night; for ne're was dreame So like a waking. To me comes a creature, (Sometimes her head on one side, some another; I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow, So fill'd, and so becomming :) in pure white Robes (Like very sanctity) she did approach My Cabine where I lay; thrice bow'd before me, And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes Became two spouts: the furie spent, anon Did this breake from her: ' Good <i>Antigonis</i>! Since Fate (against thy better disposition) Hath made thy person for the Thrower-out Of my poore babe, according to thine oath; Places remote enough are in <i>Bohemia</i>; There weepe, and leaue it crying; and, for the babe Is counted lost for euer, <i>Perdita</i>, I prethee, call't! For this vngentle businesse, Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see Thy Wife <i>Paulina</i> more.' And so, with shriekes, She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much, I did in time collect my selfe, and thought This was so, and no slumber. Dreames, are toyes; Yet for this once, (yea, superstitiously,) I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeeue <i>Hermione</i> hath suffer'd death, and that <i>Apollo</i> would (this being indeede the issue Of King <i>Polixenes</i>,) it should heere be laide (Either for life, or death) vpon the earth Of it's right Father. ¶ Blossome, speed thee well! There lye, and there thy charracter! there these,</p>	<p>[<i>Exit.</i></p> <p>16</p> <p>20</p> <p>24</p> <p>28</p> <p>32</p> <p>36</p> <p>40</p> <p>44</p>
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[*Lays down the Babe, wrapt (with letters) in HERMIONES
mantle, her iewel round its neck; & then a Box of
jewels & money.*

28. *Thrower-out*] Thower-out F.

The Winters Tale.

Which may (if Fortune please) both breed thee, (pretty!)
And still rest thine. [*Thunder.*] The storme beginnes. Poore
wretch,

That (for thy mothers fault) art thus expos'd 49

To losse, and what may follow! Weepe I cannot,

But my heart bleedeth; and most accurst am I,

To be by oath enioyn'd to this! Farewell!

The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue

A lullabie too rough: I neuer saw 54

The heauens so dim, by day! [*Noise of Hunters & Dogs
within.*] A sauage clamor!

Well may I get a-boord! [*Enter a Beare*] This is the Chace.

I am gone for euer! [*Exit, pursued by a Beare.*]

Enter a Sheepeheard 'of fourescore three'.

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three-
and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest! for [59
there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches
with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing, fighting,—
[*Halloes within*] Hearke you now! Would any but these
boyld-braines of nineteene, and two and twenty, hunt [63
this weather? They haue scarr'd away two of my best
Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde, then the
Maister; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouz-
ing of Iuy. [*Sees the Babe.*] Good-lucke (and't be thy [67
will!) what haue we heere? Mercy on's! a Barne! A
very pretty barne! A boy, or a Childe,¹ I wonder? (A pretty
one, a verie prettie one!) fure, some Scape! Though I am not
bookish, yet I can reade 'Waiting-Gentlewoman' in the [71
scape. This has beene some faire-worke, some Trunke-worke,
some behinde-doore worke! They were warmer that got this,
then the poore Thing is heere! Ile take it vp for pity: yet
Ile tarry till my sonne come: he hallow'd but euen now.
¶ Whoa-ho-hoa! 76

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to talke
on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither! what ayl'st
thou, man? 80

¹ *Childe* = girl.

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Clo. I haue seene two such fights, by Sea & by Land! but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie; betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

Shep. Why, boy! how is it? 84

Clo. I would you did but see, how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp the shore! but that's not to the point. Oh! the most pitteous cry of the poore foules! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; Now the Shippe boaring the [88] Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a Corke into a hogthead. And then for the Land-seruice, to see how the Beare tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee for helpe, [92] and said his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman! But to make an end of the Ship; to see how the Sea flap-dragon'd¹ it! but first, how the poore foules roared, and the sea mock'd them! and how the poore Gentleman roared, [96] and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the sea, or weather!

Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy? 99

Clo. Now, now! I haue not wink'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now. 102

Shep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde man!

Clo. I would you had beene by the ship side, to haue help'd her! there, your charity would haue lack'd footing. 106

Shep. Heauy matters! heauy matters! but looke thee heere, boy! Now bleffe thy selfe! thou met'st with things dying; I, with things new borne. Here's a fight for thee! Looke thee, [*Takes up Babe in the Mantle*] a bearing- [110] cloath² for a Squires childe! Looke thee heere! [*Shows the Box*] take vp, take vp, (Boy!) open't! So, let's see! it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: open't! what's within, boy? 114

Clo. [*opens the Box*] You're a made old man! If the finnes of your youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue! Golde! all Gold! 117

Shep. This is Faery Gold, boy; and 'twill proue so. Vp

¹ *flap-dragon'd*, swallowed.

² *bearing-cloath*, christening-cloth.

115. *made*] Theobald (L. H. conj.). mad F.

The Winters Tale.

with't! keepe it clofe! home, home, the next¹ way! We are luckie, (boy!) and to bee fo still, requires nothing but fecrecie. Let my sheepe go! Come, (good boy,) the next¹ way home!

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings! Ile go fee if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: (they are neuer curft but when they are hungry :) if there be any of him left, Ile bury it. 125

Shep. That's a good deed! If thou mayeft difcerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'fight of him! 128

Clowne. 'Marry, will I; and you fhall helpe to put him i'th'ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy! and wee'l do good deeds on't! [Exeunt. 132

Aëtus Quartus. Scena Prima.

The Stage of the Theatre.

Enter TIME, the Chorus.

<i>Time.</i> I that pleafe some, try all, (both ioy and terror	
Of good, and bad,) that make, and vnfolde error,	2
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)	
To vse my wings. Impute it not a crime	4
To me, or my fwift paffage, that I flide	
Ore fixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride	6
Of that wide gap; fince it is in my powre	
To orethrow Law, and, in one felfe-borne howre,	8
To plant, and ore-whelme Cuf tome. Let me paffe	
The fame I am, ere ancient't Order was,	10
Or what is now receiu'd. I witneffe to	
The times that brought them in; fo fhall I do	12
To th'frefheft things now reigning, and make ftale	
The gliftering of this prefent, as my Tale	14
Now feemes to it. Your patience this allowing,	
I turne my glaffe, and giue my Scene fuch growing	16
As you had fleep't betweene: (<i>Leontes</i> leauing	

¹ nigheft, neareft.

2. *make and vnfolde*] Rowe. makes and vnfolde F. maske Theobald.
III. iii. 119-132; IV. i. 1-17.] 44

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Th'effects of his fond ieaIouſies, ſo greening 18
 That he ſhuts vp himſelfe :) Imagine me
 (Gentle Spectators) that I now may be 20
 In faire *Bohemia* ! And remember well,
 I mentioned a ſonne o'th'Kings, which *Florizell*. 22
 I now name to you ; and with ſpeed ſo pace
 To ſpeake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace 24
 Equall with wond'ring. What of her infues,
 I liſt not prophesie ; but let Times newes 26
 Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherds daughter,
 And what to her adheres, which followes after, 28
 Is th'argument of Time. Of this allow,
 If euer you haue ſpent time worſe, ere now ; 30
 If neuer, yet that Time himſelfe doth ſay,
 He wiſhes earneſtly, you neuer may ! [Exit. 32

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

Bohemia. A Room in POLIXENES Palace.

Enter POLIXENES, and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, (good *Camillo*,) be no more importunate !
 'tis a ſickneſſe, denying thee any thing ; a death, to grant this !

Cam. It is ſixteene¹ yeeres ſince I ſaw my Countrey.
 Though I haue (for the moſt part) bin ayred abroad, I de- [4
 fire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King (my
 Maſter) hath ſent for me ; to whoſe feeling ſorrowes I might
 be ſome allay, (or I oweene to thinke ſo ;) which is another
 ſpurre to my departure. 8

Pol. As thou lou'ſt me, (*Camillo*,) wipe not out the reſt of
 thy ſeruices, by leauing me now : the neede I haue of thee,
 thine owne goodneſſe hath made : better not to haue had
 thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made me Buſi- [12
 neſſes, which none (without thee) can ſufficiently manage,
 muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelfe, or take away with
 thee the very ſeruices thou haſt done : which, if I haue not
 enough conſidered, (as too much I cannot,) to bee more [16

¹ 'Sixteene' in IV. i. 6.

The Winters Tale.

thankfull to thee, shall bee my studie; and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes. Of that fatall Countrey, *Sicillia*, prethee speake no more! whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance of that 'penitent' (as thou [20 calst him) and reconciled King, my brother; whose losse of his most precious Queene & Children, are euen now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizell*, my son? Kings are no lesse vnhappy, their issue [24 not being gracious, then they are in loosing them when they haue approued their Vertues!

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince. What his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne; but I [28 haue (mis)singly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared. 31

Pol. I haue considered so much, (*Camillo*), and with some care; so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice, which looke vpon his remouednesse; from whom I haue this Intelligence: that he is feldome from the house of a most homely shep- [35 heard; a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnspeakable estate. 38

Cam. I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage. 41

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence. But I fear the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place; where we will (not appearing what we are) haue some question with the shepheard; from [45 whose simplicity, I thinke it not vneasie to get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. 'Prethe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicillia*!

Cam. I willingly obey your command!

Pol. My best *Camillo*! We must disguise our selues. 50
[*Exeunt.*]

50. *Exeunt.*] Exit. F.

The Winters Tale.

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.

Bohemia. A Road near the Shepherds Cottage.

Enter AUTOLICUS, singing.

When Daffadils begin to peere, 1
With (heigh !) the Doxy ouer the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood raigns in y^e winters pale. 4

The white sheete bleaching on the hedge, 5
With (hey !) the sweet birds, O, how they sing !
Doth set my pugging¹ tooth an edge ;
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King ! 8

The Larke, that tirra-Lyra chaunts, 9
With (heigh !) the Thrush, and (hey !) the lay ;
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts,
While we lye tumbling in the hay. 12

I haue seru'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three
 pile ; but now I am out of seruice : 14

But shall I go mourne for that, (my deere ?)
The pale Moone shines by night :
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right. 18

If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may giue,
and in the Stockes auouch it. 22

My Trafficke is sheetes : when the Kite builds, looke to
 lesser Linnen ! My Father nam'd me *Autolicus* ; who, being
 (as I am) lytter'd vnder *Mercurie*, was likewise

A snapper-up of vnconsidered trifles. 26
 With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Caparison ;
 And my Reuennue is the filly Cheate.

Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway.
 Beating and hanging are terrors to mee ! For the life to

¹ thievish.

10. *With heigh*] F. With heigh, with heigh F2.

The Winters Tale.

come, I sleepe out the thought of it. [*Sees the Clowne.*] A prize! a prize! 32

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me see; euey 'Leauen weather . . . todde; euey tod yeeldes . . . pound and odde shilling: fifteene hundred shorne; what comes the wooll to? 35

[Counts on his fingers.]

Aut. [*Aside.*] If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters! Let mee see! what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing Feast? [*Pulls out a Note, & reads*] 'Three pound of Sugar; fiue pound of [39 Currence; Rice:] What will this sifter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and the layes it on. Shee hath made me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the shearers, (three-man song-men, all, and very [43 good ones; but they are most of them Meanes and Bafes; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes.) I must haue 'Saffron' to colour the Warden Pies; 'Mace; Dates,' none; (that's out of my note :) 'Nut- [47 megges, seuē; a Race¹ or two of Ginger;'] (but that I may begge :) 'Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reyfons o'th Sun.' 50

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne! [*Grouels on the ground.*

Clo. I'th' name of me! . . . 52

Aut. Oh! helpe me, helpe mee! plucke but off these ragges! and then, death! death!

Clo. Alacke, poore soule! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then haue these off. 56

Aut. Oh, fir! the loathsomnesse of them offend mee, more then the stripes I haue receiued, which are mightie ones, and millions. 59

Clo. Alas, poore man! a million of beating may come to a great matter. 61

Aut. I am rob'd, fir, and beaten! my money, and apparrell tane from me, and these detestable things put vpon me!

Clo. What! by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman, (sweet fir,) a footman. 65

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he

35. *to*] too F.

¹ root.

63. *detestable*] derestable F.

The Winters Tale.

has left with thee. If this bee a horsemens Coate, it hath
feene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand! Ile helpe thee!
Come, lend me thy hand! [Helps him to rise.]

Aut. Oh, good fir! tenderly! oh! 70

Clo. Alas, poore foule!

Aut. Oh, good fir! softly, good fir! I feare (fir) my
shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canst stand? 74

Aut. Softly, deere fir! good fir, softly! [Picks his pocket]
you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doeft lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for thee.
[Moues his hand towards his pocket.]

Aut. [stopping him] No, good sweet fir! no, I beseech
you, fir! I haue a Kinsman not past three quarters of a
mile hence, vnto whome I was going; I shall there haue
money, or anie thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray
you! That killes my heart. 82

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (fir) that I haue knowne to goe about with
Troll-my-dames¹: I knew him once a seruant of the Prince:
I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his Vertues it was, but
hee was certainly Whipt out of the Court. 87

Clo. His 'vices', you would say: there's no 'vertue' whipt
out of the Court! they cherish it, to make it stay there; and
yet it will no more but abide. 90

Aut. 'Vices' I would say (Sir.) I know this man well,
he hath bene since an Ape-bearer; then a Proceffe-seruer (a
Bayliffe); then hee compast a Motion² of the Prodigall Sonne,
and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land [94
and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer many knauish
professions) he settled onely in Rogue: some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out vpon him! Prig, for my life! Prig! he haunts
Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings. 98

Aut. Very true, fir! he, fir, hee! that's the Rogue that put
me into this appraell!

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*! If you
had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'd haue runne! 102

¹ *Troll-my-dames*, pigeon-holes, a game like bagatelle. Fr. *Troll*
Madame. The game called

Trunkes, or the Hole.—Cotgrave.

² *Motion*, puppet-show.

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Aut. I muſt confeſſe to you (ſir) I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way; & that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now? 105

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better then I was! I can ſtand, and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, & pace ſoftly towards my Kinſmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way? 109

Aut. No, good ſac'd ſir! no, ſweet ſir!

Clo. Then fartheewell! I muſt go buy Spices for our ſheepe-ſhearing. 112

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet ſir! [*Exit Clo.*] Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your Spice. Ile be with you at your ſheepe-ſhearing too! If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the ſheerers proue ſheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue! 117

Song. *Iog-on, Iog-on, the foot-path way,*

And merrily hent the Stile-a!

A merry heart goes all the day!

Your ſad, tyres in a Mile-a! [*Exit.* 121

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.

Bohemia. The Shepheards Cottage.

Enter FLORIZELL (as DORICLES), PERDITA, (& later, Shepherd, Clowne, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, MOPSA, DORCAS, Seruants, AUTOLICUS.)

Flo. Theſe your vnuſuall weeds, to each part of you 1
Do's giue a life: no Shepherdeſſe! but *Flora*,
Peering in Aprils front! This your ſheepe-ſhearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods, 4
And you the Queene on't!

Perd. Sir! my gracious Lord!
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them!) your high ſelfe,
The gracious marke o'th'Land, you haue obſcur'd 8
With a Swaines wearing; and me, (poore lowly Maide,)
Moſt Goddeſſe-like prank'd vp; But that our Feaſts,
In euery Meſſe, haue folly, and the Feeders

IV. iii. 103-121; iv. 1-11.] 50

The Winters Tale.

Digest with a Custome, I should blush 12
 To see you so attyr'd : sworne (I thinke)
 To shew my selfe a glasse !

Flo. I blesse the time,
 When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse
 Thy Fathers ground !

Perd. Now Ioue affoord you cause ! 16
 To me, the difference forges dread : (your Greatnesse
 Hath not beene vs'd to feare :) euen now I tremble
 To thinke your Father (by some accident)
 Should passe this way, as you did : Oh the Fates ! 20
 How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,
 Vildely bound vp ? What would he say ? Or how
 Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold
 The sternnesse of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend 24
 Nothing but iollity ! The Goddes themselues
 (Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
 The shapcs of Beasts vpon them : *Iupiter*
 Became a Bull, and bellow'd ; the greene *Neptune*, 28
 A Ram, and bleated ; and the Fire-roab'd God,
 Golden *Apollo*, a poore humble Swaine,
 As I seeme now. Their transformations,
 Were neuer for a peece¹ of beauty rarer, 32
 Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
 Run not before mine honor ; nor my Lusts
 Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but, Sir !
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis 36
 Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'powre of the King :
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speake, ' that you must change this purpose,
 Or I my life.'

Flo. Thou deerest *Perdita* ! 40
 With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee, darken not
 The Mirth o'th' Feast ! Or Ile be thine, (my Faire,) [*kisses her*.
 Or not my Fathers ! For I cannot be
 Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if 44

¹ Maid. 40. *deerest* deer'st F. (But *Thou* may be 1 measure.)

The Winters Tale.

I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
 Though Destiny say 'No'! Be merry, (Gentle!)
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
 That you behold the while! Your guests are comming: 48
 Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day
 Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
 We two haue fworne shall come!

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
 Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES & CAMILLO disguised,
 Clowne, MOPSA, DORCAS, & other Shepheards & Shep-
 heardresses.*

Flo. See! your Guests approach! 52
 Addresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,
 And let's be red with mirth!

Shep. *Fy*, (daughter!) when my old wife liu'd, vpon
 This day she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke; 56
 Both Dame and Seruant; Welcom'd all; seru'd all;
 Would sing her song, and dance her turne; now heere,
 At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
 On his shoulder, and his; her face o'fire 60
 With labour; and the thing she tooke to quench it,
 She would, to each one, sip. You are retyred,
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you, bid 64
 These vnknowne friends to's 'welcome', for it is
 A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne!
 Come! quench your blufhes! and present your selfe
 That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast! Come on! 68
 And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing,
 As your good flocke shall prosper!

Perd. [*to POLIX.*] Sir! welcome!
 It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee 71
 The Hostefleship o'th'day. [*To CAM.*] You're welcome, sir!
 ¶ Giue me those Flowres, there, (*Dorcas!*) [*To POL. & CAM.*]
 Reuerend Sirs!

For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue! these keepe
 Seeming, and sauour, all the Winter long.
 Grace, and Remembrance, be to you both, 76
 IV. iv. 45-76.] 52

The Winters Tale.

And welcome to our Shearing!

Pol. Shepherdesse!

(A faire one are you!) well you fit our ages

With flowres of Winter!

Perd. Sir! the yeare growing ancient,
(Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth 80

Of trembling winter,) the fayrest flowres o'th seafon

Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,

(Which some call 'Natures bastards';) of that kind, 84

Our rusticke Garden's barren, and I care not

To get flips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, (gentle Maiden),

Do you neglect them?

Perd. For I haue heard it said,

There is an Art, which, in their pidenesse, shares

With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be: 88

Yet Nature is made better by no meane,

But Nature makes that Meane: so, ouer that 'Art',

(Which, you say, addes to 'Nature'), is an 'Art' 92

That 'Nature' makes. You see (sweet Maid) we marry

A gentler Sien to the wildest Stocke,

And make conceyue, a barke of baser kinde,

By bud of Nobler race. This is an 'Art'

Which do's mend 'Nature'; (change it, rather;) but 96

The 'Art' it selfe, is 'Nature'.

Perd. So it is.

Pol. Then make your Garden rich in Gilly'vors

And do not call them 'bastards'!

Perd. Ile not put

The Dible in earth, to set one flip of them! 100

No more then, were I painted, I would wish

This youth should say 'twere well; and onely therefore

Desire to breed by me! ¶ [To middle-aged Guests] Here's
flowres for you!

Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum; 104

The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with'Sun,

And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres

Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen

The Winters Tale.

To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome! 108

Cam. I should leaue grafig, were I of your flocke,
And onely liue by gazing!

Perd. Out, alas!
You'd be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary
Would blow you through and through! [*To FLOR.*] Now, (my
fairst Friend!) 112

I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day; [*To Lasses*] and yours, ¶ and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing!—O *Proserpina*! 116

For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dyffes* Waggon! Daffadils,

That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty; Violets (dim, 120

But sweeter then the lids of *Iuno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath;) pale Prime-roses,

That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his strength (a *Maladie* 124

Most incident to Maids;) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall; Lillies of all kinds,

(The Flowre-de-Luce being one!)—O! these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of; and my sweet friend, 128

To strew him o're, and ore.

Flo. What? like a Coarse?

Perd. No! like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on!
Not 'like a Coarse'! or if; . . . not to be buried, 131

But quicke, and in mine armes! ¶ Come! take your flours!
Me thinkes, I play as I haue seene them do

In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure, this Robe of mine
Do's change my disposition.

Flo. What you do, 135
Still betters what is done! When you speake, (Sweet!)

I'd haue you do it euer! When you sing,
I'd haue you buy, and sell so; so giue Almes;

Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your Affayres, 139
To sing them too! When you do dance, I wish you

A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that! moue still, still so!

And owne no other Function! Each your doing 143

IV. iv. 108-143.]

The Winters Tale.

(So singular, in each particular)

Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes!

Perd.

O *Doricles*!

Your praises are too large! but that your youth, 147
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Shepherd,
With wifedome I might feare (my *Doricles*!)
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo.

I thinke you haue

151

As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose
To put you to't. But come! our dance, I pray!
Your hand, (my *Perdita*!) fo Turtles paire,
That neuer meane to part.

Perd.

He sweare for 'em!

155

Pol. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that euer
Ran on the greene-ford!¹ Nothing she do's, or seemes,
But finackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place!

Cam.

He tels her something

159

That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth, she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame!

Clo. [to Musicians]

Come on! strike vp!

Dorcas. [to *Clo.*] *Mopsa* must be your Mistris! marry,
Garlick to mend her kissing with! 163

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word! we stand vpon our manners!

¶ Come! strike vp!

[Musick.]

Heere, a Daunce of Shepheards and Shepheardeffes.

Pol. Pray, good Shepherd! what faire Swaine is this, 167
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*; and boasts himselfe

To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it

Vpon his owne report, and I beleue it: 171

He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter:

I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone

149. *Shepherd*] Sphepherd F.

¹ *sord* = sward.

160. *on't*] F. out Theobald. The

blood comes to the window, the
surface, to look on the words.

The Winters Tale.

Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
(As 'twere) my daughters eyes: and, to be plaine, 175
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loues another best.

Pol. She dances featly!

Shep. So she do's any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: If yong *Doricles* 179
Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of.

Enter Seruant. Dance stops.

Ser. O Master! if you did but heare, the Pedler at the
doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and Pipe!
no! the Bag-pipe could not moue you! hee sings feuerall
Tunes, faster then you'll tell money; hee vtters them as he had
eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to his Tunes! 186

Clo. He could neuer come better! hee shall come in! I
loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter merrily
set downe; or a very pleasant thing indeede, and sung lament-
ably! 192

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes; No
Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues; he has the
prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bawdrie, (which is
strange!) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's and [194
Fadings: '*Thump her, and thump her!*' and where some stretch-
mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and
breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to
answere, '*Whoop! doe me no harme, good man!*' put's [198
him off, flights him, with '*Whoop! doe mee no harme, good
man!*'

Pol. This is a braue fellow!

Clo. Beleeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable conceited
fellow! Has he any vnbraided¹ Wares? 203

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainebow;
Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly
handle, though they come to him by th'groffe; Inckles,²
Caddysses,³ Cambricks, Lawnes: why, hee sings em [207

¹ ? *vnbraided* = genuine. Cp. |
braide, Alp's Well, IV. ii. 73.

² *Inckles*, tapes.

³ *Caddysses*, worsted lace.

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ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddeffes! you would thinke a Smocke were a shee-Angell, he so chauntes to the fleeu-hand, and the worke about the square¹ on't. 210

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in! and let him approach singing.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words in's tunes! [Exit Seruant. 213

Clo. You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in them then youl'd thinke (Sister!)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke. 216

Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

Lawne, as white as driuen Snow; 218

Cypresse, blacke as ere was Crow;

Gloues, as sweete as Damaske Roses;

Masks for faces, and for noses; 220

Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,

Perfume for a Ladies Chamber; 222

Golden Quoifes and Stomachers,

For my Lads to giue their deers; 224

Pins, and poaking-stickes² of Steele;

What Maids lacke, from head to heele: 226

Come buy of me, come! come buy! come buy!

Buy, Lads! or else your Lasses cry: 'Come, buy!'

Clo. If I were not in loue with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues. 231

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars! 235

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you. 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to giue him againe.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces? [240 Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? to whistle of these secrets; but you must be tittle-

¹ square, square cut on the open bosom. | See Stubbes, *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1583. Pt. 2, p. 36.

² Round sticks for setting ruffs. | 234. then] then F.

The Winters Tale.

tatling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whifpring:
clamor¹ your tongues! and not a word more! 244

Mop. I haue done! Come! you promis'd me a tawdry-lace,² and a paire of sweet Gloues.

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way,
and loft all my money? 248

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are Cozeners abroad! therefore
it behooues men to be wary.

Clo. Feare I not thou, man! thou shalt lose nothing here!

Aut. I hope so, fir, for I haue about me many parcels of
charge. 253

Clo. What hast heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some! I loue a ballet in print, a
life,³ for then we are sure they are true. 256

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vfurers
wife was brought to bed of twenty money-baggs at a
burthen, and how she long'd to eate Adders heads, and
Toads, carbonado'd. 260

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true! and but a moneth old!

Dor. Blessé me from marrying a Vfurer! 263

Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't, one Mistris Tale-
Porter, and fiue or fix honest Wiues, that were present.
Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. [to Clown] Pray you now, buy it! 267

Clo. Come on, lay it by! and let's first see moe Ballads!
Wee'l buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared vpon
the coast, on Wenfday the fourescore of April, fortie [271
thousand fadom aboue water, & sung this ballad against
the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Woman,
and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she wold not ex- [274
change flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very
pittifull, and as true!

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you? 277

Autol. Fiue Iustices hands at it, and witneses more then
my packe will hold!

¹ clammer, clamme, stop.

245. *promis'd*] ptomis'd F.

² Probably a silken necklace.

tawdry = Audrey (S. Audrey).

³ *a life* = of life, of all things in life.

269. *things*] rhings F.

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Clo. Lay it by too! another!

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one! 281

Mop. Let's haue some merry ones!

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of '*Two maids wooing a man*:' there's scarce a Maide westward, but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you! 285

Mop. [*looking at it*] We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe!

Aut. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Haue at it with you! 290

Song.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must goe!* 291
Where, it fits not you to know.

Dor. *Whether?*

Mop. *O, whether?*

Dor. *Whether?* 293

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

Dor. *Me too! Let me go thether!* 296

Mop. *Or thou goest to th'Grange, or Mill;* 297

Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

Aut. *Neither!*

Dor. *What, neither?*

Aut. *Neither!* 299

Dor. *Thou hast sworne, my Loue to be!*

Mop. *Thou hast sworne it more to mee!*

Both. *Then whether goest? Say whether?* 302

Clo. Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues! My Father and the Gentlemen are in sad talke, & wee'll not trouble them.

¶ Come! bring away thy pack after me! ¶ Wenches, Ile buy for you both! ¶ Pedler! let's haue the first choice! ¶ Folow me, girles! [*Exit with MOPSA, DORCAS, & others.* 307

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em!

Song.

Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?

My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?

296. *Le*] Le F.

309. *Cape*] Crpe F.

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*Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st weare-a! 312
Come to the Pedler! Money's a medler,
That doth vtter all mens ware-a. [Exit. 314*

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Mayfter! there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds, *that* haue made themfelues all men of haire; they cal themselues *Saltiers*, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gally- [318 maufrey of Gambols, becaufe they are not in't; but they themfelues are o'th'minde, (if it bee not too rough for some that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully. 321

Shep. Away! Wee'l none on't! heere has beene too much homely foolery already. [*To POL.*] I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let's see these foure-threes of Heardsmen! 326

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report, (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'quire.¹ 329

Shep. Leaua your prating! since these good men are pleaf'd, let them come in! but quickly now!

Ser. Why, they stay at doore, Sir!

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres. [Exeunt.

Pol. [*to the Shepherd*] O Father, you'll know more of that heereafter! 333 [*them.*

[*Aside to CAM.*] Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part He's simple, and tels much. [*To FLOR.*] How now (faire Shepheard!)

Your heart is full of something, that do's take
Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong, 337
And handed loue, as you do, I was wont
To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ranfackt
The Pedlers filken Treafury, and haue powr'd it
To her acceptance: you haue let him go, 341
And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse,
Interpretation should abuse, and call this

¹ Fr. *Esquierre*: f. A Rule or Squire . . . an Instrument wherewith Surveyors measure land.—Cotgrave.
IV. iv. 311-343.] 60

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Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care 345
Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir! I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt
Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already, 349
But not deliuer'd. [*To PER.*] O, heare me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, who (it should seeme)
Hath sometime lou'd! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as Doues-downe, and as white as it, 353
Or *Ethiopians* tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted
By th'Northerne blasts twice ore. [*Kisses it.*

Pol. What followes this?
[*Aside to CAM.*] How prettily th'yong Swaine seemes to wash
The hand, was faire before!) [*To FLO.*] I haue put you out;
But to your protestation! Let me heare 358
What you professe!

Flo. Do! and be witnesse to't!

Pol. [*pointing to CAM.*] And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all! 361
That, were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fayrest youth
That euer made eye swerue, had force and knowledge
More then was euer mans; I would not prize them, 365
Without her Loue; for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice,
Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairely offer'd!

Cam. This shewes a found affection.

Shep. But, my daughter, 369
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speake
So well, (nothing so well;) no, nor meane better;
By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands! [*Joins them.*] a bargain!

351. *who*] whom F. (See again l. 413, p. 63.) 359. *to't*] too't F.
61 [IV. iv. 344-373.]

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¶ And, friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't:
I giue my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that must bee 376
I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,
I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But come-on!
Contract vs 'fore these Witnesse!

Shep. Come! your hand! 380

¶ And daughter, yours!

Pol. [*to FLOR.*] Soft, Swaine, a-while, beseech you!
Haue you a Father?

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall. 383

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is, at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest
That best becomes the Table. Pray you once more,
Is not your Father growne incapable 387
Of reasonable affayres? Is he not stupid
With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare?
Know man from man? Dispute his owne estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing 391
But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength (indeede)
Then most haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be so,) a wrong 395
Something vnfilliall! Reason, my sonne,
Should choose himselfe a wife; but as good reason,
The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else
But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile 399
In such a businesse.

Flo. I yeeld all this;
But for some other reasons, (my graue Sir,)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this businesse.

Pol. Let him know't! 403

Flo. He shall not.

IV. iv. 374-403.] 62

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Pol. Prethee, let him!
Flo. No! he must not!
Shep. Let him, (my sonne!) he shall not need to grieue
 At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come! he must not!
Marke our Contráct.
Pol. 'Marke' your diuorce, (yong fir,) 407
[throws off his disguise.
 Whom 'sonne' I dare not call! Thou art too base
 To be acknowledged. Thou, a Scepters heire,
 That thus affects a sheepe-hooke! *[To the Shep.]* Thou, old
 Traitor!
 I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can 411
 But shorten thy life one weeke. *[To PERD.]* And thou, fresh
 peece
 Of excellent Witchcraft, who of force must know
 The royall Foole thou coap'ft with! . . .
 (*Shep.* Oh, my heart!) 415
Pol. Ile haue thy beauty scratcht with briers, & made
 More homely then thy state! *[To FLOR.]* For thee, (fond boy!)
 If I may euer know thou dost but figh,
 That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke, (as neuer 419
 I meane thou shalt,) wee'l barre thee from succession,
 Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our Kin,
 Farre then *Deucalion* off! (marke thou my words!) 422
 Follow vs to the Court! *[To Shep.]* Thou Churle! for this time,
 (Though full of our displeasure,) yet we free thee
 From the dead blow of it. *[To PERD.]* And you, Enchantment,
 Worthy enough a Heardfman! yea, him too,
 That makes himfelfe (but for our Honor therein) 427
 Vnworthy thee! If euer henceforth, thou
 These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
 Or hoope his body more with thy embraces,
 I will deuise a death, as cruell for thee, 431
 As thou art tender to't! *[Exit.*
Perd. Euen heere vndone!
 I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice

409. *acknowledged*] acknowledge
 F.
 413. *who*] whom F. (See l. 351.)

422. *Farre* comp. = farther.
 430. *hoope*] Pope. hope F.

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I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
 'The selfe-same Sun, that shines vpon his Court, 435
 Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
 Lookes on alike.' [To FLOR.] Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?
 I told you what would come of this! Befeech you,
 Of your owne state take care! This dreame of mine 439
 Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
 But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why, how now, Father?
 Speake ere thou dyest!

Shep. I cannot speake, nor thinke, 442
 Nor dare to know, that which I know! [To FLOR.] O Sir!
 You haue vndone a man of fourescore three,
 That thought to fill his graue in quiet; yea,
 To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de;
 To lye close by his honest bones; but now, 447
 Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
 Where no Priest shouels-in dust! [To PERD.] Oh curs'd wretch!
 That knew't this was the Prince, and wouldst aduenture
 To mingle faith with him!—Vndone! vndone! 451
 If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd
 To die when I desire! [Exit.]

Flo. [to PERD.] Why looke you so vpon me?
 I am but sorry, not affear'd; delaid,
 But nothing altred: What I was, I am: 455
 More straining on, for plucking backe; not following
 My leaſh vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord!
 You know your Fathers temper: at this time
 He will allow no speech: (which, I do ghesse, 459
 You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly
 Will he endure your fight as yet, I feare;
 Then, till the fury of his Highnesse fettle,
 Come not before him!

Flo. I not purpose it! 463
 I thinke, Camillo?

Cam. Euen he, my Lord!

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?

458. *your*] F2. my F.

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How often said, my dignity would last 466
But till 'twere knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,
And marre the seeds within! Lift vp thy lookes! 470
From my succession wipe me, (Father!) I
Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be aduis'd!
Flo. I am: and by my Fancie. If my Reason
Will thereto be obedient, I haue reason; 474
If not, my fences, better pleas'd with madnesse,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (sir!)
Flo. So call it! but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs must thinke it honesty. *Camillo!* 478

Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned; for all, the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombes, or the profound seas hides
In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath 482

To this my faire belou'd! Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall misse me, (as, in faith, I meane not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsailes 486

Vpon his passion! Let my selfe, and Fortune,
Tug for the time to come! This you may know,
And so deliuer, 'I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:" 490

And, most oppórtune to her neede, I haue
A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this designe. What course I meane to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor 494
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O, my Lord!
I would your spirit were easier for aduice,
Or stronger for your neede.

Flo. Hearke, *Perdita!* [*Draws her aside.*
[*To CAM.*] Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremouable, 498
Resolu'd for flight! Now were I happy, if

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His going, I could frame to serue my turne,
 Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,
 Purchase the sight againe of deere *Sicillia*, 502
 And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

Flo. [*returning*] Now, good *Camillo* !
 I am so fraught with curious businesse, that
 I leaue out ceremony !

Cam. Sir ! I thinke 506
 You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue
 That I haue borne your Father ?

Flo. Very nobly
 Haue you deseru'd ! It is my Fathers Musicke,
 To speake your deeds ; not little of his care, 510
 To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord !)
 If you may please to thinke I loue the King,
 And (through him,) what's neereft to him, which is
 Your gracious selfe ; embrace but my direction, 514
 (If your more ponderous and fetled proiect
 May suffer alteration :) On mine honor,
 Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing
 As shall become your Highnesse ; where you may 518
 Enioy your Mistris ; (from the whom, I see
 There's no disfunction to be made, but by—
 As heauens forefend !—your ruine ;) Marry her,
 And, (with my best endeouours, in your absēce,) 522
 Your discontenting Father, striue to qualifie,
 And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How, *Camillo*,
 May this (almost a miracle) be done ?
 That I may call thee something more then man, 526
 And (after that) trust to thee.

Cam. Haue you thought on
 A place whereto you'l go ?

Flo. Not any, yet.
 But as th'vnthought-on accident is guiltie
 To what we wildly do, so we professe 530
 Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and flies
 Of euery winde that blowes.

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Cam. Then lift to me!
 (This followes, if you will not change your purpose
 But vndergo this flight;) make for *Sicillia*; 534
 And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princeesse,
 (For so I see she must be,) 'fore *Leontes*;
 She shall be habited, as it becomes
 The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see 538
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
 His Welcomes forth! asks thee there, 'Sonne! forgiueneffe!'
 As 'twere i'th' Fathers person; kisses the hands
 Of your fresh Princeesse; ore and ore diuides him, 542
 'Twixt his vnkindnesse and his Kindnesse: th'one
 He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
 Faster then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*!
 What colour for my Visitation, shall I 546
 Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King, your Father,
 To greet him, and to giue him comforts! Sir!
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with
 What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer, 550
 Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe;
 The which shall point you forth, at euery fitting,
 What you must say; that he shall not perceiue,
 But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there, 554
 And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you!
 There is some sappe in this!

Cam. A Course, more promising,
 Then a wild dedication of your selues
 To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine, 558
 To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
 But, as you shake off one, to take another:
 Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, (who
 Doe their best office, if they can but stay you, 562
 Where you'le be loth to be.) Besides, you know,
 Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,
 Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
 Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true: 566

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I thinke 'Affliction' may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind.

Cam.

Yea? say you so?

There shall not, at your Fathers House, these fewen yeeres
Be borne another such!

Flo.

My good *Camillo*!

570

She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' reare'¹ our Birth.

Cam.

I cannot say, 'tis pitty

She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach.

Perd.

Your pardon, Sir, for this!

574

Ile blush you Thanks.

Flo. [*kisses her*]

My prettiest *Perdita*!

(But O, the Thornes we stand vpon!) *Camillo*,

Preseruer of my Father, now of me,

The Medicine of our House! how shall we doe?

578

We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,

Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia*.

Cam.

My Lord!

Fear none of this! I thinke you know my fortunes

Doe all lye there. It shall be so my care,

582

To haue you royally appointed, as if

The Scene you play, were mine. For instance, Sir,

That you may know you shall not want: one word!

585

[*They & PERD. talk aside.*]

Re-enter AUTOLICUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a Foole Honestie is! and Trust (his
sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman! I haue sold all
my Tromperie! not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glasse,
Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, [589
Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe my Pack
from fasting! they throng, who should buy first, as if my
Trinkets had bene hallowed, and brought a benediction to
the buyer! by which meanes, I saw whose Purse was [593
best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good vse, I remem-
bered. My Clowne (who wants but something to be a
reasonable man,) grew so in loue with the Wenches Song,

¹ *reare'* = reare of. Cp. *beseech'* = beseech you, abuv.

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that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes, till he had both [597
Tune and Words; which so drew the rest of the Heard to
me, that all their other Sences stucke in Eares: you might
haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sencelesse; 'twas nothing to
guelde a Cod-peece of a Purse: I would haue filed Keyes [601
off that hung in Chaynes! No hearing, no feeling, but my
Sirs¹ Song, and admiring the Nothing² of it! So that in this
time of Lethargie, I pickd and cut most of their Festiuall
Purses: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo- [605
bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd
my Chowghes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue
in the whole Army. [CAM., FLOR., & PERD. come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my Letters (by this meanes) being there
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt. 610

Flo. And those that you'le procure from King *Leontes*? . . .

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd.

Happy be you!

All that you speake, shewes faire.

Cam. [sees AUTOLYCUS] Who haue we here?

Wee'le make an Instrument of this! omit 614

Nothing may giue vs aide!

Aut. [aside] If they haue ouer-heard me now:—why,
hanging! 617

Cam. How' now, (good Fellow!) Why shak'st thou so?
Feare not, (man!) Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir! 620

Cam. Why, be so still! here's no body will steale that from
thee: yet, for the out-side of thy pouertie, we must make an
exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly, (thou must thinke
there's a necessitie in't,) and change Garments with this [624
Gentleman! [Points to FLOR.] Though the penny-worth (on
his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot!

[Giues him money. FLOR. discases.]

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir! ([Aside] I know ye well
enough.) 628

Cam. Nay, prethee, dispatch! the Gentleman is halfe fled³
already.

601-2. *filed* . . . off] F3. |
fill'd . . . of F.

¹ *Sirs*, that is, the Clownes.

² *Nothing* = Noting, & Nothing.

³ *fled* = flayd, unclad.

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Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (*[Aside]* I smell the trick on't.) 632

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee!

Aut. Indeed I haue had 'Earnest'; but I cannot with conscience take it!

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle! 636

[*FLO. & AUTOL. change garments.*]

[*To PERD.*] Fortunate Mistresse! (let my prophecie Come home to ye!) you must retire your selfe Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat, And pluck it ore your Browes; muffle your face; 640 Dis-mantle you; and (as you can) disliken The truth of your owne seeming; that you may (For I doe feare eyes ouer,) to Ship-boord Get vndefcry'd.

Perd. I see the Play so lyes, 644 That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedie!

¶ Haue you done there?

Flo. [*comes forward*] Should I now meet my Father, He would not call me Sonne!

Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat!

[*Glues FLO. S Hat to PERD. She dislikens herself.*]

¶ Come, Lady, come! [*To AUT.*] Farewell (my friend!)

Aut. Adieu, Sir!

Flo. O *Perdita*! what haue we twaine forgot? 649

Pray you, a word! [*They talke aside.*]

Cam. [*aside*] What I doe next, shall be, to tell the King Of this escape, and whither they are bound: 653 Wherein, my hope is, I shall so preuaile, To force him after: in whose company I shall re-view *Sicilia*; for whose sight, I haue a Womans Longing.

Flo. [*to PERD.*] Fortune speed vs!

¶ Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th'Sea-side. 657

Cam. The swifter speed, the better!

[*Exeunt FLO., PERD., & CAM.*]

Aut. I vnderstand the bufinesse! I heare it! To haue an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a

658-9. *Exeunt . . .*] Exit. F.

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Cut-purse. A good Nose is requisite also, to finell out worke for th'other Sences. I see this is the time that the [662 vniust man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been, without boot! What a 'boot' is here, [looks at his boot] with this 'exchange'! Sure, the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may doe any thing *extempore*. The Prince himselfe is about a peece of Iniquitie; (stealing away from his [667 Father, with his Clog at his heeles.) If I thought it were a peece of honestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't! I hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am I constant to my Profession. 671

Re-enter Clowne and Shepheard, carrying a Fardel & a Box.

Aside, aside! here is more matter for a hot braine! Euery Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke. 674

Clowne. [to Shep.] See, see! what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood. 677

Shep. Nay, but heare me!

Clow. Nay! but heare Me!

Shep. Goe to, then! 680

Clow. She being 'none of your flesh and blood', your 'flesh and blood' ha's not offended the King; and so, your 'flesh and blood' is not to be punish'd by him! Shew those things you found about her, (those secret things, all but [684 what she ha's with her:] This being done, let the Law goe whistle! I warrant you!

Shep. I will tell the King all! euery word! yea, and his Sonnes prancks too! who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother-in-Law. 690

Clow. Indeed, 'Brother in Law' was the farthest off you could haue beene to him; and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [aside] Very wisely (Puppies!) 694

Shep. Well: let vs to the King! there is that in this Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

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Aut. [*aside*] I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Master. 698

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at 'Pallace.

Aut. [*aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. [*Takes off his false Beard & aduances*] How now, (Rustiques!) whither are you bound? 703

Shep. To th'Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding? and any thing that is fitting to be knowne: discouer! 708

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir!

Aut. A Lye! you are rough, and hayrie! Let me haue no lying! it becomes none but Trades-men, and they often giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye; but wee pay them for it with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele; therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye. 714

Clo. Your Worships had like to haue giuen vs one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you, Sir? 717

Aut. Whether it 'like' me, or no, I am a 'Courtier', Seest thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receiues not thy Nose, Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on [721 thy Baseness, Court-Contempt? Think'ft thou, for that I insinuate at¹ toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe!* and one that will eyther push-on, or pluck-back, thy Businesse there: where-upon I command thee to open thy Affaire! [*Picks his teeth.*

Shep. My Businesse, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Aduocate ha'ft thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you)! 729

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] 'Aduocate's' the Court-word for a Pheasant: say you haue none.

Shep. 'None', Sir! I haue no 'Pheasant' Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. [*aside*] How blessed are we, that are not simple men! Yet Nature might haue made me as these are, 734
Therefore I will not disdaine. [*Picks his teeth.*

718. *like*] like F.

¹ *at* = to.

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Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] This cannot be but a great Courtier!

Shep. [*aside to Clo.*] His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handfomely. 738

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantastickall: A great man, Ile warrant! I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there! What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box? 743

Shep. Sir! there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none must know but the King; and which hee shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour! 747

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace; he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe. For if thou bee'st capable of things ferious, thou must know the King is full of griefe. 752

Shep. So 'tis said, (Sir!) about his Sonne, that should haue married a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him flye! the Curfes he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feelee, will breake the back of Man! the heart of Monster! 757

Clo. Thinke you so, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone, shall suffer what Wit can make heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Iermaine to him (though remou'd fiftie times,) shall all come vnder the Hang-man! which, though it be great pittie, yet [762 it is necessarie. An old Sheepe-whistling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace! Some say, hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him, (say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat! all deaths are too few! the sharpest too easie! 767

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne, Sir, (doe you heare,) and't like you, Sir? 769

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flayd alieue! then 'noynted ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Waspes Nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recouer'd againe with *Aquavitæ*, or some other hot In- [773

763. *whistling*] whistiing F.

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fusion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hottest day Prognostication¹ proclaymes,) shall he be set against a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him,) with Flyes blown to death! But what [777] talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall? Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men,) what you haue to the King! Being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where [781] he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be in man (besides the King) to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it! 784

Clow. [*aside to Shep.*] He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him! giue him Gold! and though Authoritie be a stubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold. Shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe! Remember, 'ston'd, and flay'd alieue!' 789

Shep. And't please you (Sir) to vndertake the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I haue! [*Shows it.*] Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you. 793

Aut. After I haue done what I promised?

Shep. I, Sir!

Aut. Well, giue me the Moitie! [*Shep. giues it.*] [*To Clo.*] Are you a partie in this Businesse? 797

Clow. In some sort, Sir! but though my case be a pittifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the 'case' of the Shepheards Sonne! hang him! hee'le be made an example! 801

Clow. [*to Shep.*] Comfort, good comfort! We must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else! [*To AUTOL.*] Sir, I will giue you as much as this old man do's, [805] when the Businesse is performed; and remaine (as he sayes,) your pawne till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Seaside! goe on the right hand! I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you. 810

Clow. We are blest'd, in this man! as I may say, euen blest'd!

¹ the almanac which forecasts the weather.

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Shep. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good. [*Exeunt Shep. & Clo.* 813]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master, good; which, who knowes [817 how that may turne backe to my aduancement?]) I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him. If he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call [821 me 'Rogue', for being so farre officious; for I am prooffe against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Sicillia. *A State-Room in LEONTES Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMINES, DION, PAULINA, Seruants: (later, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, & their small Trayne: last, a Lord.)

Cleo. Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed, pay'd downe
More penitence, then done trespas. At the last, 4
Doe, as the Heauens haue done, forget your euill;
With them, forgiue your selfe!

Leo. — Whilest I remember
Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of 8
The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much,
That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True! too true, (my Lord!) 12
If, one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, tooke something good,
To make a perfect Woman, she you kill'd,

824. *Exit*] *Exeunt F.* 12. of. Paul. True! too] of true. Paul. Too F.
75 [IV. iv. 812-824; V. i. 1-15.]

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Would be vnparallell'd.

Leo. I thinke so. 'Kill'd'? 16
 She I 'kill'd'? I did so! but thou strik'ft me
 Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
 Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
 Say so but feldome!

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady! 20
 You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would
 Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd
 Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of those
 Would haue him wed againe!

Dio. If you would not so, 24
 You pittie not the State, nor the Remembrance
 Of his most Soueraigne Name; Consider little,
 What Dangers (by his Highnesse faile of Issue)
 May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure 28
 Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
 Then to reioyce the former Queene is well?
 What holier, then (for Royalties repayre,
 For present comfort, and for future good,) 32
 To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe
 With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
 (Respecting her that's gone.) Besides, the Gods
 Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes: 36
 For ha's not the Diuine *Apollo* said,
 Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
 That King *Leontes* shall not haue an Heire,
 Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall, 40
 Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,
 As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue,
 And come againe to me: who, on my life,
 Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your councill, 44
 My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary,
 Oppose against their wills. [*To LEO.*] Care not for Issue!
 (The Crowne will find an Heire.) Great *Alexander*
 Left his to th' Worthiest; so his Successor 48
 Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
 V. i. 16-49.] 76

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Who haft the memorie of *Hermione*
 (I know) in honor! O, that euer I
 Had squar'd me to thy councell! then, euen now, 52
 I might haue look'd vpon my *Queenes* full eyes,
 Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes! . . .

Paul. And left them
 More rich, for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth!
 No more such Wiues; therefore no Wife! one worfe, 56
 And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
 Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage
 (Where we're Offendōrs now) appeare Soule-vest,
 And begin, 'Why, to me¹ . . . ?'

Paul. Had she such power, 60
 She had iust such² cause!

Leo. She had! and would incense me
 To murther her I married!

Paul. I should so!
 Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you marke
 Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't 64
 You chose her; then I'd shriek, that euen your eares
 Should rift to heare me; and the words that follow'd,
 Should be, 'Remember mine!'

Leo. Starres, Starres,
 And all eyes else, dead coales! feare thou no Wife! 68
 Ile haue no Wife, *Paulina*!

Paul. Will you sweare,
 Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?
Leo. Neuer, (*Paulina*!) so be blest'd my Spirit! 71

Paul. Then, good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath!

Cleo. You tempt him ouer-much!

Paul. Vnlesse another,
 As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
 Affront his eye. . . .

Cleo. Good Madame! I haue done! 75

Paul. Yet, if my Lord will marry, (¶ if you will, Sir,
 No remedie; but you will :) Giue me the Office
 To chuse you a Queene! she shall not be so young

59. *we're*] Globe (Anon. conj.). we F. ¹ wast' so uniuist, &c.

² *iust such* = even such.

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As was your former; but she shall be such 79
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost,) it should take ioy
To see her in your armes!

Leo. My true *Paulina*!

We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.

Paul. That

Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath! 83
Neuer till then!

*Enter a Seruant.*¹

Ser. One that giues out himselfe Prince *Florizell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princessse (she,
The fairest I haue yet beheld!) desires accessse 87
To your high prefence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse! his approach
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine,) tells vs
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd 91
By need, and accident. What Trayne?

Ser. But few,
And those but meane.

Leo. His Princessse (say you) with him?

Ser. I! the most peerelesse peece² of Earth, (I thinke,) 95
That ere the Sunne shone bright on!

Paul. Oh *Hermione*! 95
As euery present Time doth boast it selfe
Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Graue
Giue way to what's feene now! ¶ Sir! you your selfe
Haue said, and writ so; (but your writing now 99
Is colder then that Theame :) 'she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd!' thus your Verfe
Flow'd with her Beautie once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you haue feene a better!

Ser. Pardon, Madame! 103
The one, I haue almost forgot; (your pardon!)
The other, when she ha's obtain'd your Eye,
Will haue your Tongue too! This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale 107
Of all Professors else; make Profelytes

¹ Clearly a Courtier. See ll. 98-103.
v. i. 79-108.] 78

² Maid

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Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Ser. Women will loue her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is 111
The rarest of all Women!

Leo. Goe, *Cleomines!*
Your selfe (affisted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement! [*Exit CLEOM. with friends*]
Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steale vpon vs!

Paul. Had our Prince 115
(Iewell of Children!) seene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births!

Leo. 'Prethee, no more! cease! thou know'ft 119
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure,
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfurnish me of Reason! They are come! 123

*Re-enter CLEOMINES, and others, with FLORIZELL, PERDITA,
& their small Trayne.*

[*To FLOR.*] Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince!
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiuing you! Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you, 127
(His very ayre,) that I should call you 'Brother',
As I did him, and speake of something, wildly
By vs perform'd before! Most dearly welcome!
And your faire Princessse (Goddesse!) Oh, alas! 131
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple!) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly!) the Societie, 135
Amitie too, of your braue Father, whom,
(Though bearing Miserie,) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him!

Flo. By his command,

123-4. *Re-enter . . .* Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others. F.

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Haue I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him 139
 Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend¹)
 Can fend his Brother: and, but Infirmities
 (Which waits vpon worne times) hath something feiz'd
 His with'd Abilitie, he had himfelfe, 143
 The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
 Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues
 (He bad me fay fo) more then all the Scepters,
 And thofe that beare them, liuing.

Leo. Oh my Brother! 147
 (Good Gentleman!) the wrongs I haue done thee, ftirre
 Afrefh within me; and thefe thy offices
 (So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackneffe!—Welcome hither, 151
 As is the Spring to th'Earth! And hath he too
 Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull vſage
 (At leaſt vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,
 To greet a man, not worth her paines, much leſſe, 155
 Th'adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my Lord,
 She came from *Libia*.

Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,
 That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?
Flo. Moſt Royall Sir! from thence! from him, whoſe
 Daughter, 159
 His Teares proclaym'd his, parting with her: thence
 (A prosperous South-wind friendly) we haue croſs'd,
 To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,
 For viſiting your Highneſſe. My beſt Trainee 163
 I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores diſmiſs'd;
 Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignifie
 Not onely my ſucceſſe in *Libia*, (Sir,)
 But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in ſafetie 167
 Here, where we are!

Leo. The bleſſed Gods
 Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whileſt you
 Doe Clymate here! You haue a holy Father,
 A gracefull Gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon, 171

¹ in friendship, as friend.

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(So sacred as it is,) I haue done sinne;
 For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
 Haue left me Issue-lesse; and your Father's blefs'd
 (As he from Heauen merits it) with you, 175
 Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been,
 Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on?
 Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir!
 That which I shall report, will beare no credit, 179
 Were not the prooffe so nigh! Please you, (great Sir!)
Bohemia greets you from himselfe, by me:
 Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
 (His Dignitie, and Dutie, both cast off) 183
 Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
 A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? speake!

Lord. Here! in your Citie! I now came from him.
 I speake amazedly; and it becomes 187
 My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court
 Whiles he was hastning, (in the Chase, it seemes,
 Of this faire Couple,) meetes he (on the way)
 The Father of this seeming Lady, and 191
 Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted
 With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me!
 Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,
 Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge! 195
 He's with the King your Father!

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo*, (Sir!) I spake with him: who now
 Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I
 Wretches so quake! they kneele, they kisse the Earth; 199
 Forswear themselves as often as they speake:
Bohemia stops his eares, and threatens them
 With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father!
 The Heauen sets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue 203

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Our Contract celebrated!

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not, (Sir,) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleys first:
The oddes for high and low's alike!

Leo. My Lord! 207
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife!

Leo. That 'once', (I see,) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come-on very flowly. I am forry, 211
(Most forry,) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as forry,
Your Choise is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enjoy her!

Flo. [*throws his arm round her*] Deare! looke vp! 215
Though Fortune, visible an Enemy,
Should chafe vs with my Father, powre no iot
Hath she to change our Loues. ¶ Beseech you, (Sir,) 219
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now! With thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate! At your request,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles! 222

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your 'precious' Mistris,
Which he counts but a 'Trifle'.

Paul. Sir, (my Liege!)
Your eye hath too much youth in't. Not a moneth
'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes, 226
Then what you looke on now!

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in these Lookes I made. ¶ But your Petition
Is yet vn-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires, 230
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him; therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make! Come, good my Lord! 233
[*Exeunt.*]

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Actus Quintus. Scœna Secunda.

Sicillia. Before LEONTES Palace.

Enter AUTOLICUS, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Befeech you, (Sir!) were you present at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell; heard the old Shepherd deliuer the manner how he found it: Where-upon, (after a little amazednesse,) we were all commanded [4 out of the Chamber: onely this, (me thought) I heard the Shepherd say, he found the Child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it! 7

Gent. 1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse; but the changes I perceiued in the King and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration! they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to teare the Cases of their Eyes! There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their very gesture; they [12 look'd as they had heard of a World ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must needs be! 17

Enter another Gentleman (ROGERO).

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: ¶ The Newes, *Rogero!* 19

Gent. 2. (ROGERO) Nothing but Bon-fires! the Oracle is fulfill'd! the Kings Daughter is found! such a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expresse it. 23

Enter another Gentleman, PAULINA'S Steward.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward! hee can deliuer you more. ¶ How goes it now (Sir?) This Newes (which is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in strong suspition. Ha's the King found his Heire? 27

Gent. 3. [PAUL'S Steward] Most true! if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumstance! That which you heare, you'le

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swear you see; there is such vntie in the proofes! The Mantle of Queene *Hermiones*: her Jewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they [32 know to be his Character: the Maiestie of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother; the Affection of Noblenesse, which Nature shewes aboue her Breeding, and many other Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter! Did you see the meeting of the two Kings? 37

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee seene, cannot bee spoken of! There might you haue beheld one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them; for their Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes! holding [43 vp of Hands! with Countenance of such distraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor. Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a Losse, cries, [47 'Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother!' then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness; then embraces his Sonne-in-Law; then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepherd (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Con- [51 duit, of many Kings Reignes.) I neuer heard of such another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it! 54

Gent. 2. What, 'pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carried hence the Child? 56

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will haue matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare open! He was torne to pieces with a Beare! This, auouches the Shepherds Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) to iustifie him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes. 62

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepherd! so that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were euen then lost, [66 when it was found! But oh, the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow, was fought in *Paulina*! Shee had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another eleuated, that

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the Oracle was fulfill'd! Shee lifted the Princeſſe from [70
the Earth; and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhee would
pin her to her heart, that ſhee might no more be in danger
of looſing!

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience
of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted! 75

Gent. 3. One of the prettyeſt touches of all, and that which
angl'd for mine Eyes, (caught the Water, though not the Fiſh,)
was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death, with the
manner how ſhee came to't, (brauely confeſs'd, and [79
lamented by the King,) how attentiueneſſe wounded his
Daughter; till (from one ſigne of dolour to another) ſhee
did, (with an 'Alas!') I would faine ſay, bleed Teares; for I
am ſure, my heart wept blood! Who was moſt Marble, [83
there changed colour; ſome ſwounded; all ſorrowed. If all
the World could haue ſeen't, the Woe had bene vniuerſall!

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court? 86

Gent. 3. No. The Princeſſe, hearing of her Mothers
Statue, (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*,)—a Peece many
yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare *Italian*
Maſter, *Iulio Romano*, who (had he himſelfe Eternitie, [90
and could put Breath into his Worke,) would beguile Nature
of her Cuſtome, ſo perfectly he is her Ape! He, ſo neere to
Hermione, hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay 'one would
ſpeake to her, and ſtand in hope of answer.' Thither (with
all greedineſſe of affection) are they gone; and there they
intend to Sup. 96

Gent. 2. I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in
hand; for ſhee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer
ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that remoued Houſe.
Shall wee thither, and (with our companie) peece the
Reioycing? 101

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of
Acceſſe? eueſy winke of an Eye, ſome new Grace will be
borne! our Abſence makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge.
Let's along! [*Exeunt Gentlemen.* 105

Aut. Now (had I not the daſh of my former life in me)
would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man

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and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what; but he, at that [109 time ouer-fond of the Shepheards Daughter, (fo he then tooke her to be,) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himselfe little better, (extremitie of Weather continuing,) this Mysterie remained vndiscouer'd. But 'tis all one to me! for, had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue rellish'd among my other discredits!

115

Enter Shepheard and Clowne, brauely drest.

Here come those I haue done good to against my will, and already appearing in the bloisomes of their Fortune!

Shep. Come, Boy! I am past moe Children; but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne! 119

Clow. [to *Aut.*] You are well met, (Sir!) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no 'Gentleman borne.' See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and thinke me still no 'Gentleman borne': You were best say these Robes are not 'Gentlemen borne'! Giue me the Lye! doe! and try whether I am not now a 'Gentleman borne'. 125

Aut. I know you are now, (Sir,) a 'Gentleman borne'!

Clow. I! and haue been fo any time these foure houres!

Shep. And so haue I, Boy! 128

Clow. So you haue! but I was a 'Gentleman borne' before my Father! for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee 'Brother'! and then the two Kings call'd my Father 'Brother'! and then the Prince (my [132 Brother!]) and the Princeffe (my Sister!) call'd my Father, 'Father'; and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that euer we shed!

Shep. We may liue (Sonne) to shed many more! 136

Clow. I! or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are!

Aut. [*kneels*] I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I haue committed to your Worship, and to giue me your good report to the Prince, my Master. 141

Shep. 'Prethee, Sonne, doe! for we must be 'gentle', now we are 'Gentlemen'.

126. *Aut.*] *Ant.* (turn'd u) F.

The Winters Tale.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship! 145

Clow. Giue me thy hand! I will fweare to the Prince,
thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*!

Shep. You may say it, but not fweare it! 148

Clow. Not 'fweare it', now I am a 'Gentleman'? Let
Boores and Francklins 'say it', Ile 'fweare it'!

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne?) 151

Clow. If it be ne're so 'false', a true 'Gentleman' may
'fweare it', in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile 'fweare'
to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that
thou wilt not be drunke; but I know thou art no 'tall [155
Fellow of thy hands', and that thou wilt be 'drunke'! but
Ile 'fweare it'; and I would thou would'st be a 'tall Fellow
of thy hands'.

Aut. I will proue so, (Sir,) to my power. 159

Clow. I, by any meanes proue 'a tall Fellow'! If I do
not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to 'be drunke', not
being 'a tall Fellow', trust me not! Harke! the Kings and
the Princes (our Kindred!) are going to see the *Queenes Pic-
ture*! Come, follow vs! wee'le be thy good Masters! 164
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Tertia.

Sicillia. A Chappell in PAULINAS house.

To HERMIONE (like a Statue, colourd & curtaind,) enter

LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZELL, PERDITA, CAMILLO,
PAULINA, Lords, &c.

Leo. O graue and good *Paulina*! the great comfort 1
That I haue had of thee!

Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir!)

I did not well, I meant well. All my Seruices,
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchsaf'd, 4
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted

To Hermione . . .] Enter Leontes . . . *Paulina*, (*Hermione like a
Statue*) Lords, &c. F.

The Winters Tale.

Heires of your Kingdomes,) my poore Houfe to vifit;
It is a furplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may laft to anfwere!

Leo.

O Paulina!

8

We honor you with trouble: but we came
To fee the Statue of our Queene! Your Gallerie
Haue we pafs'd through, not without much content
In many fingularities; but we faw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.

12

Paul.

As ſhe liu'd peereleffe,

So her dead likeneffe (I doe well beleue)

Excels what euer yet you look'd vpon,

16

Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Lonely, apart. But here it is! [*points to it*] Prepare
To fee the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold! and ſay 'tis well!

20

[*Discurtains HERMIONE as a Statue.*

I like your ſilence! it the more ſhewes-off

Your wonder. But yet, ſpeake! firſt you (my Liege).

Comes it not ſomething neere?

Leo.

Her naturall Poſture!

¶ Chide me (deare Stone!) that I may ſay indeed

24

Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art ſhe,

In thy not chiding: for ſhe was as tender

As Infancie, and Grace! ¶ But yet, (*Paulina,*)

Hermione was not ſo much wrinckled, nothing

28

So aged as this ſeemes!

Pol.

Oh, not by much!

Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellence,
Which lets goe-by ſome fixteene yeeres, and makes her
As ſhe liu'd now!

Leo.

As now ſhe might haue done,

32

So much to my good comfort, as it is

Now piercing to my Soule! Oh! thus ſhe ſtood!

Euen with ſuch Life of Maieſtie, (warne Life,

As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her!

36

I am aſham'd! Do's not the Stone rebuke me,

18. *Lonely*] Hanmer. louely F (turnd n).

The Winters Tale.

For being more 'Stone' then it? Oh Royall Peece!
 There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which ha's
 My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and 40
 From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
 Standing like 'Stone' with thee!

Perd. (kneels) And giue me leaue,
 (And doe not say 'tis Superftition,) that
 I kneele, and then implore her Bleffing! ¶ Lady! 44
 Deere Queene! that ended when I but began,
 Giue me that hand of yours, to kiffe! [*Tries to take it.*

Paul. O! patience!
 The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
 Not dry! [*PERD. rises.* 48

Cam. My Lord! your Sorrow was too fore lay'd on,
 Which fixteene Winters cannot blow away,
 So many Summers dry. Scarce any Ioy
 Did euer fo long liue! No Sorrow, 52
 But kill'd it felfe much fooner!

Pol. Deere my Brother!
 Let him that was the caufe of this, haue powre
 To take-off fo much grieve from you, as he
 Will peece vp in himfelfe!

Paul. Indeed, my Lord, 56
 If I had thought the fight of my poore Image
 Would thus haue wrought you, (for the Stone is mine,)
 Il'd not haue fhew'd it. [*Tries to draw the Curtaine.*

Leo. [stops her.] Doe not draw the Curtaine!
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, leaft your Fancie 60
 May thinke anon, it moues!

Leo. Let be! let be!
 Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie . . .
 (What was he that did make it?) [*To POL.*] See, (my Lord!)
 Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that thofe veines 64
 Did verily beare blood?

Pol. 'Mafterly done!
 The very Life feemes warme vpon her Lippe!

Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
 As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine! 68
 [*offers to do so.*
 [V. iii. 38-68.

The Winters Tale.

My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
Hee'le thinke anon it liues!

Leo.

Oh sweet *Paulina!*

Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together!

No settled Sences of the World can match

The pleasure of that madnesse! Let't alone! [*Stops* **PAUL.** 72

Paul. I am forry (Sir!) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther!

Leo.

Doe, *Paulina!*

For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet

76

As any Cordiall comfort! Still me thinkes

There is an ayre comes from her! What fine Chizzell

Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me!

For I will kisse her.

[*Tries to do so.*

Paul. [*stops him*] Good my Lord, forbear!

80

The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:

You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne

With Oyle Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine?

Leo. No! not these twentie yeeres!

Perd.

So long could I 84

Stand by, a looker-on!

Paul.

Either forbear,

Quit presently the Chappell, or resolute you

For more amazement! if you can behold it,

Ile make the Statue moue indeed; descend,

88

And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke

(Which I protest against!) I am assisted

By wicked Powers!

Leo.

What you can make her doe,

I am content to looke on; what to speake,

92

I am content to heare; for 'tis as easie

To make her speake, as moue!

Paul.

It is requir'd

You doe awake your Faith. Then, all stand still!

On! those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse

96

I am about, let them depart!

Leo.

Proceed!

No foot shall stirre!

Paul.

Musick! awake her! Strike! [*Musick.*

¶ 'Tis time! descend! be Stone no more! approach! 99

V. iii. 69-99.]

90

The Winters Tale.

Strike all that looke vpon, with meruaile! Come!
Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre! nay, come away!
Bequeath to Death your numnesse; (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you.) ¶ [To LEON.] You perceiue she
stirres! [HERMIONE steps from her pedestal. 103

Start not! her Actions shall be holy, as
(You heare) my Spell is lawfull. Doe not shun her,
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then
You kill her double! Nay, present your Hand! 107
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is she become the Sutor!

Leo. [puts out his hand. HERM. takes it.] Oh, she's warme!
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Lawfull as Eating! [They embrace. 111

Pol. She embraces him! 111

Cam. She hangs about his necke!

If she pertaine to life, let her speake too!

Pol. I! and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd!
Or how stolne from the dead?

Paul. That she is liuing, 115
Were it but told you, should be hooted-at
Like an old Tale; but it appeares she liues,
Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while! 118
[To PERD.] Please you to interpose, (faire Madam!) kneele,

[PERD. kneels.

And pray your Mothers blessing! [To HERM.] Turne, good
Lady!

Our *Perdita* is 'found'! [HERM. embraces PERD. 122

Her. You Gods! looke downe!

And, from your sacred Viols, poure your graces 122
Vpon my daughters head! ¶ Tell me, (mine owne!)

Where hast thou bin preferu'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare, that I

(Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle 126
Gaue hope thou wast in being) haue preferu'd
My selfe, to see the yssue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble

The Winters Tale.

Your ioyes with like Relation! Go together, 130
 You precious winners all! your exultation,
 Partake to euery one! I (an old Turtle)
 Will bring me to some wither'd bough, and there,
 My Mate, (that's neuer to be found againe,) 134
 Lament, till I am loft!

Leo. O peace, *Paulina*
 Thou shouldst a husband take, by my consent,
 As I (by thine) a Wife! This is a Match, 137
 And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine;
 But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her
 (As I thought) dead; and haue (in vaine) said many
 A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre 141
 (For him: I partly know his minde:) to finde thee
 An honourable husband! ¶ Come, *Camillo*!
 And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty
 Is richly noted, and heere iustified 145
 By Vs, a paire of Kings. ¶ Let's from this place!
 [To HERM.] What! looke vpon my Brother! [To HERM. &
 POL.] Both your pardons,
 That ere I put betweene your holy looks
 My ill suspection! [To HERM.] This your Son-in-law, 149
 And Sonne vnto the King, (whom heauen's directing,
 Is troth-plight to your daughter! ¶ Good *Paulina*!
 Leade vs from hence, where we may leysurely,
 Each one demand, and answere to his part 153
 Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
 We were disseuer'd: Hastily lead away! [Exeunt.]

[The list of the Actors' Names follows. See it, enlargd, on pp. xiv, xv.]

FINIS.

NOTES

- I. ii. 44. 'What Lady she, her Lord.' Several explanations and emendations have been proposed here, none of which are entirely satisfactory. It is perhaps best to take 'she' as a substantive, as is often the case in Shakespeare and other Elizabethan writers ('Make him swear the She's of Italy should not betray,' *Cymbeline*, II. i.), and regard the expression as a pleonastic one.
- I. ii. 324. 'Muddy.' This is, of course, a metaphorical use of the word with the sense of 'clouded in the mind.' It occurs again in *Hamlet*, where he describes himself as 'a muddy-mettled rascal.'
- I. ii. 356. 'If I could find . . . flourished after.' For the extraordinary deduction made by Chalmers from this line see "Introduction." If any political significance is to be attached to these lines, it may be suggested that they would be eminently pleasing to the court of a monarch who wished to insist on the doctrine of the divine right of kings.
- II. i. 190. 'Though I am satisfide,' etc. These lines should be noted in connection with the alleged inconsistency that Leontes should proceed to extreme measures before obtaining the verdict of the oracle. It is entirely in harmony with the tyranny and self-confidence of Leontes that he should anticipate the decision, which he regards as a merely formal ceremony which can have no possible result other than to confirm his own opinion.
- III. ii. 27 *et seq.* Here Shakespeare has several reminiscences of Bellaria's speech in *Pandosto*: 'If the divine powers be privy to human actions—as no doubt they are—I hope my patience shall make fortune blush, and my unspotted life shall stain spiteful discredit,' etc.
- IV. iv. 269. The passion for Ballads in these times is well exemplified by Joseph Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, IV. vi:

'Some drunken rhymers think his time well spent
If he can live to see his name in print:
Who when he is once fleshed to the press
And sees his hansell have such fair success,
Sung to the wheel and sung unto the pail
He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sale.'

In that curious production, the *London Chanticleers*, there is a character of a ballad-seller, Ditty, whose catalogue is even more diversified and complete than that of Autolycus.

Notes.

- V. ii. 89. 'That rare Italian master, Julio Romano,' etc. Karl Elze makes use of this passage to argue that Shakespeare must have travelled in Italy. Julio Romano was celebrated not as a sculptor, but as a painter. But in Vasari's epitaph on Romano reference is distinctly made to his sculptures, though no art-historian of recent times has anything to say about them. Shakespeare must either have read Vasari or visited Mantua and seen some of Romano's works. Though Vasari's work was printed in 1550, no translation of it appeared till 1850. Elze's essay is very charmingly written, but he hardly proves his case. A translation may very easily have appeared and been lost, or a learned friend might have given the information; while the parallel drawn between the passage in Vasari's epitaph, 'Videbat Jupiter corpora spirare,' and Shakespeare's 'could put breath into his work,' cannot be said to carry much weight. It is surely a very natural and not very deep thought for a poet wishing to compliment a sculptor on his art.

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THE WINTER'S TALE

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